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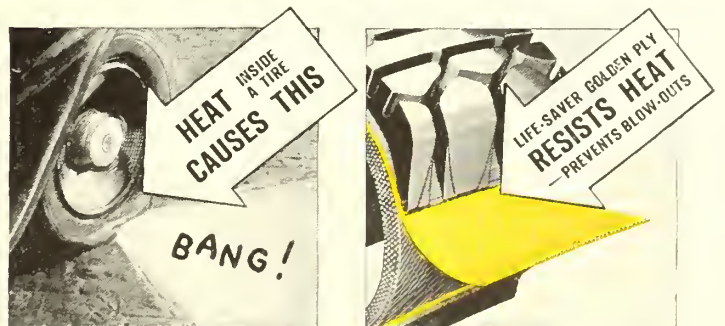
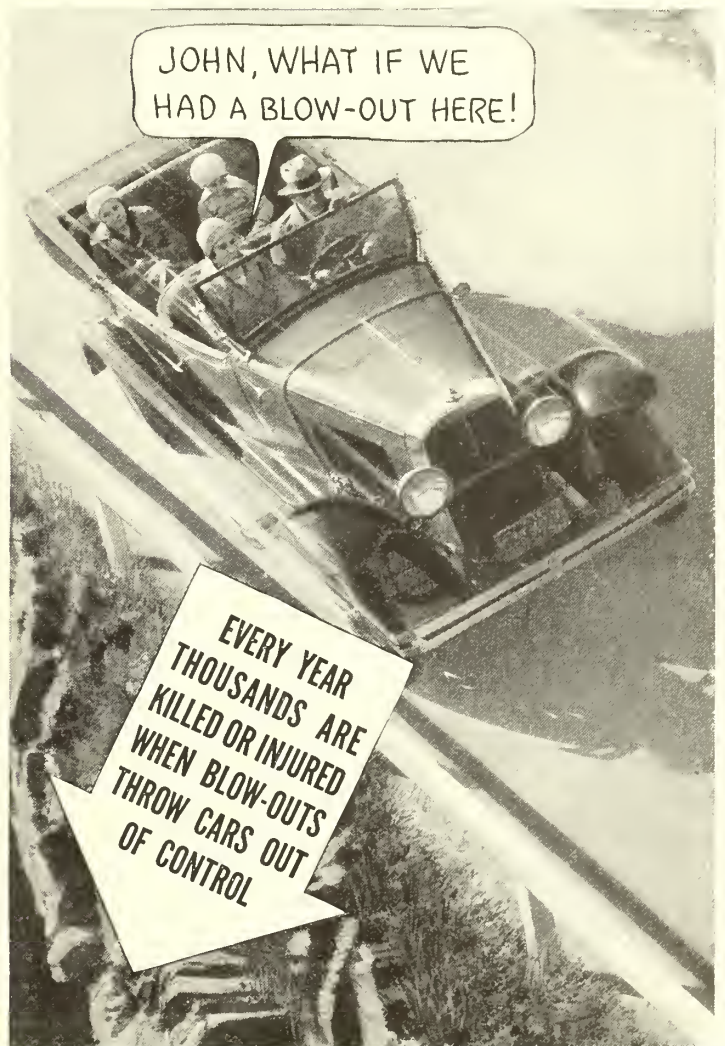
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COVER DESIGN: SITTING PRETTY

EVERYBODY'S LIKE YOU

Cartoon by George Shanks

X = ?

Illustrations by Kenneth F. Camp

LET'S TAKE THE PROFIT OUT OF CRIME

THIS, TOO, IS A LEGION CONCERN

Cartoon by John Cassel

AFTER THE AKRON, WHAT?

WE'RE NOW WHERE THEY WERE THEN

GET IN AND SWIM

BACK TO THE OPERATING TABLE

Drawing by Cyrus L. Baldrige

ON TO PEKING!

A PERMANENT VETERANS' POLICY

MARINE—A FIGHTING WORD

ARKANSAS TRAVELER

THE POST PICNIC

THREE MILES A MINUTE

WHO SAID PAPER-WORK?

I WANT TO BE A REGULAR CITIZEN

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A JOB FOR EVERYBODY ALL SUMMER

PROBLEMS as great as any in the history of The American Legion will face the National Convention in Chicago, October 2d to 5th. Every State will want to send to Chicago the largest delegation possible to register its views. It will gain delegates as it increases its enrolment this summer. Every post can help its Department as well as the Legion at large by making July, August and September months for new membership gains.

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In reporting change of address (to Indianapolis office) be sure to include the old address as well as the new

EVERYBODY'S *Like* YOU

DETECTIVES Know That
the Action of Human
Beings in a Given Situation
is Likely to be Uniform

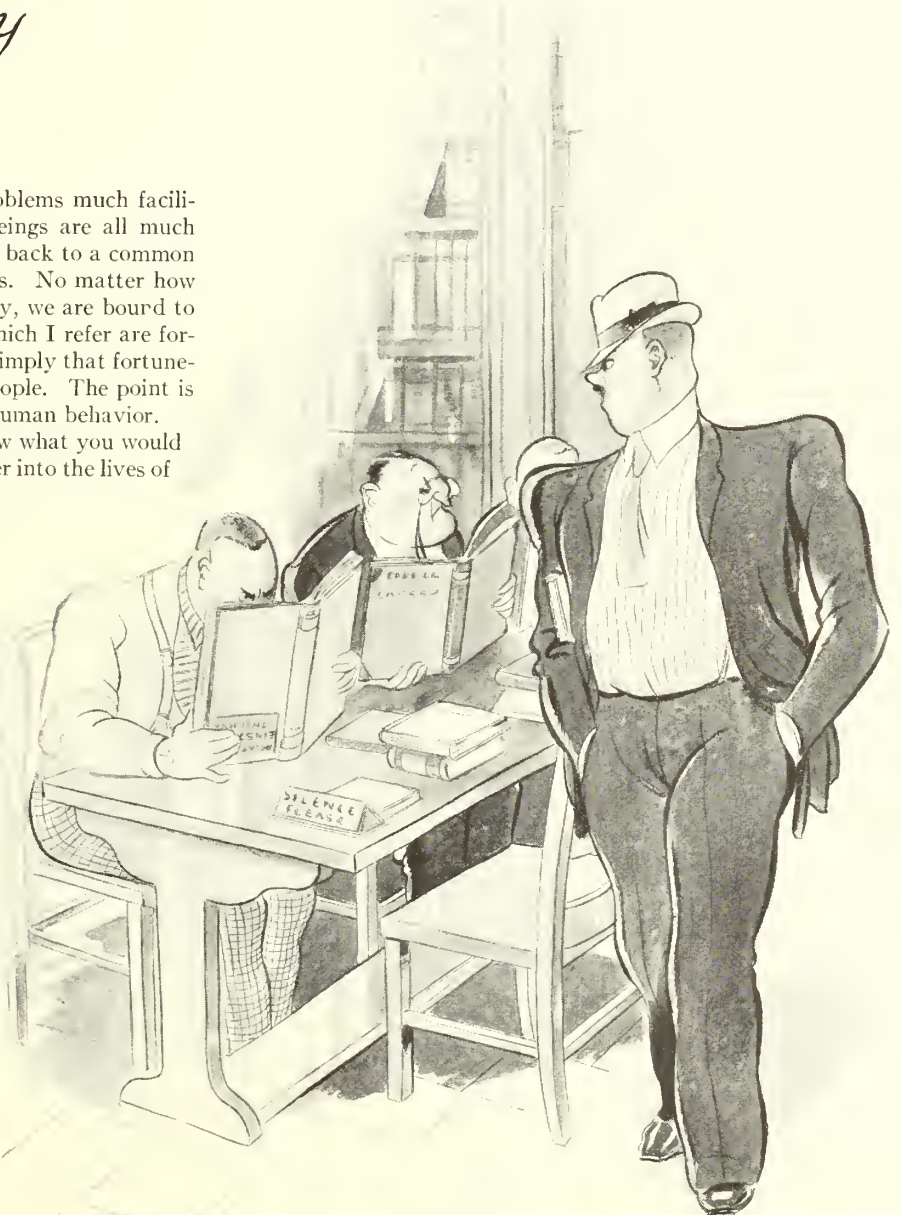
By Fred C. Kelly

Cartoon by
George Shanks

TWO groups of workers have their problems much facilitated by the fact that we human beings are all much alike. Since we all trace our ancestry back to a common source, we share many inherited traits. No matter how much we may vary in intelligence, or capacity, we are bound to have similar impulses. The two groups to which I refer are fortune-tellers and detectives. I do not mean to imply that fortune-tellers and detectives are the same kind of people. The point is that they use the same sort of knowledge of human behavior.

It is not difficult for a fortune-teller to know what you would like to hear because she knows what hopes enter into the lives of nearly everybody. If she says, "You will receive an important letter within the next two weeks," she is right nine times out of ten. Almost anybody having much contact with the world should receive an important letter within two weeks; at any rate, the letter *seems* important to the person who gets it. If the fortune-teller warns a young girl that she will meet a man, during the spring months, who will have an important influence in her life, that too is almost sure to be correct. Spring is the mating season and chances are strong that almost any young girl may then meet a young man whom she will consider a Big Influence.

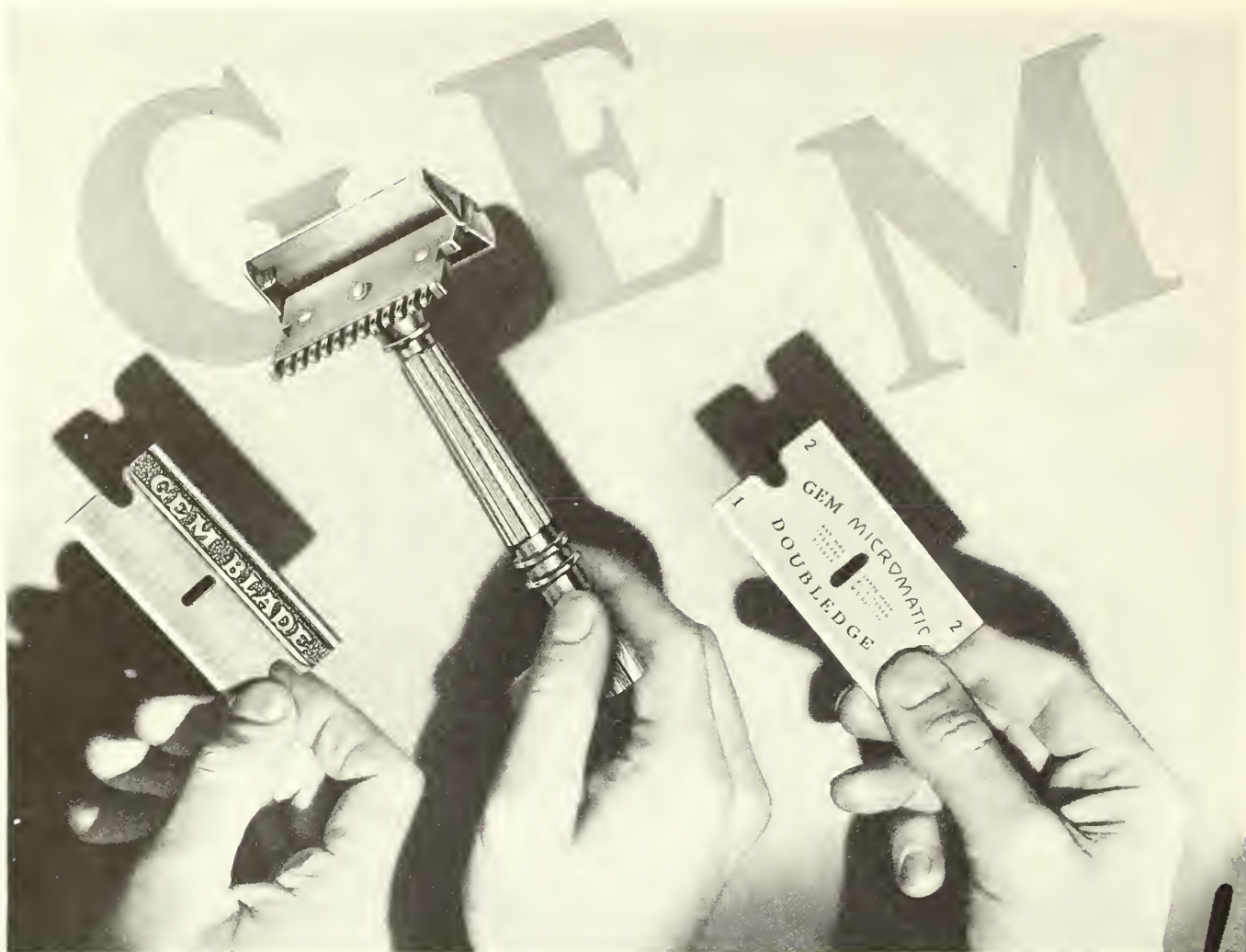
I know a woman who made a good living from her private exhibitions of supposed mind-reading. She answered your questions, placed in a sealed envelope, without opening the envelope. She could do this two times out of three by assuming that the question began with the word *when*—"When will my daughter return?" "When will I be rich?" "When will I be married?"—always something having to do with the element of time. Most of the questions we ever ask to gain information begin with *w*—what, who, when, where, why—and one more, how, with the *w* at the other end. If we were more philosophical, we would more often ask *why*—which we seldom do. But being superficially-minded, most of us ask only: *when*. If there was a big fire last night, you ask *when* and *where* it was



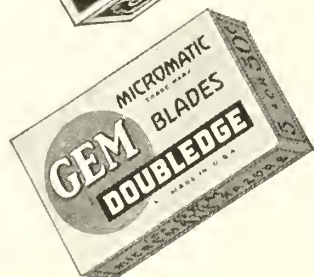
Detectives sometimes catch criminals of the more intelligent type by watching at public libraries

before inquiring *why* such a catastrophe should have occurred.

In a scientific study, made some time ago, of many thousands of letters written by average people, the six important *w* words, used for obtaining information, ranked (Continued on page 54)



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Illustrations by
Kenneth F. Camp

AN AMERICAN major murdered, a fellow officer and two women under suspicion, and Lieutenant Petty, mathematician but hardly a detective, for better or for worse catapulted into a Sherlock Holmes rôle

BY KARL W. DETZER

JOHN PETTY'S friends insist it was pure accident that converted him from pedagogue to detective. Petty replies, with the assurance of a mathematician, that there is no such thing as accident. He approaches every case, now, with the same point of view from which he attacked his first criminal problem. Here are the known factors . . . "a," "b," and "c." He merely arranges them in proper geometric pattern to discover "x," the unknown.

Petty had taught mathematics before the war. Today he sits in a small, gloomy office up three flights of stairs in the Paris headquarters of the Sûreté Générale, and plies his formula to any mystery which proves too difficult for the nimble wits of Cassier, Lanier, and the great du Forche.

But in spite of all this, it was chance that took him into his commander's office at 11 Rue Bollée in LeMans at eight o'clock that June morning. Captain Tracy, temporarily in command of the area, was shouting into the telephone as Petty fell up the last three steps and into the door, spilling an armload of official forms.

"All right, all right!" Tracy was yelling. "I'll send someone. Sure, toot sweet! Tell your blessed major that! You can't tell him?" And Tracy laughed. "Sure, tell him from me! Anything you want!"

He slammed up the receiver.

"Deever again!" he muttered.

Lieutenant Petty was picking up the scattered papers.

"The one they call Spike?" he asked.

"The same. 'Cause he nails 'em to the cross. Had some frog call me this time. I couldn't get it all. Something about a voleur most despicable. Last time I didn't run when he whistled, he reported me to G. H. Q."

"Voleur means robbery."

"Supposedly. Only it never is one. Deever's just excitable. He's finance officer at Alençon. Paying our debts to the honest natives. Meanest man in the world. And most hated."

Petty looked mildly through his glasses at his papers. He



"Some day," Petty ventured, "I'd like to go out on a case with you"

was a timid man. His job here in the Division of Criminal Investigation was to prepare payrolls, take the rough edge off expense accounts, do the thousand small tasks for which, in the eyes of his superiors, he seemed peculiarly fitted.

"Some day," he said, "I'd like to go out on a case with you. . . ."

"You?" Tracy stared at him. "Go on this!" he cried.

"Alone?"

"Sure! It's not important. Deever's call never is. All you need do is listen to his screams, promise you'll leave no stone unturned, then come back and write a report."

Petty straightened his shoulders. "Very well," he agreed.

"And don't call for help," Tracy ordered.

Petty drove carefully up the winding road to Alençon, through the fresh sunshine under a dreamy Norman sky. A heavy rain had fallen in the night, leaving broad puddles on the highroad.

Part of the way led over rugged hills, known as the Alpes Mancelles, where, according to local tradition, wolves still ran the ridges and witches brewed their potent broth.

Deever's headquarters were easy to find, because all Alençon was crowding at the gate. Petty, feeling for the minute that his shoulder bars were much too large for him, wormed

in the same street with a murderer, let alone try to find one.

"When did this happen?" he asked as calmly as he could.

"Last night. I notify your office by the telephone this morning. The officer there can not over-stand!"

"I see," Petty said. Decidedly Tracy had not understood, or he would not have sent Lieutenant Petty. "You discovered it?"

"No, no! M'selle Renault make the discovery."

Petty faltered. A woman. "Renault?" he repeated.

"In the employ 'ere. I detain 'er at my office. Also another, American, and the Lieutenant Long."

Petty swallowed. Murder. And two women. "American?" he groped. "You are sure?"

"Oui. A stranger to us. She claims to visit the Lieutenant Long, who was assistant to this major."

Again Petty looked at the body on the floor. He knew even now why men hated this officer. Death had not erased the piggish stubbornness from the face nor softened the narrow, ruthless set of the eyes or the heavy lips, drawn now in an expression of scorn.

"Let's get outside," Petty said.

He backed through the door into the sunshine. Tracy had bade him not call for help. Well, he wouldn't. At least not right away. He surveyed more closely the surroundings, and at once perceived several facts, apparently unrelated. The building here at Number 24 bis was a small, stout structure in a narrow plot of land, surrounded by a stone wall set with broken bottles. The dooryard, where grew only a few blades of grass, was sticky with mud. From the path to the door stretched a duckboard walk, no doubt laid down by the Americans.

"For many years this is the office of a doctor," Inspector Duclos explained. "He is killed in the war, so now the Americans occupy it. That 'ouse," he pointed to a dwelling beyond the stone wall on the west, "is the abode of



Duclos was too fast for him. As the shot rang out the American dropped the gun and grabbed his arm above the elbow

his way to the door of the small, damp, stone building which served as the American office. He peered in and saw Deever at once. On the floor, on his back before the open safe, the major lay dead.

Petty heard his own heart leap against his ribs. He leaned forward, his eyes fixed on the sprawling body and the dried stain of blood beside it. So this wasn't important!

"You are po-lice American?" a voice demanded.

Petty looked up. Two other men were in the room. One, by his uniform and the stripes on his sleeve, was a brigadier of gendarmes. The other, heavy and florid, wearing his greenish hard hat in defiance of the proprieties, cleared his throat, and demanded again, "Po-lice?" and when Petty nodded, the man added, "I am Inspector Duclos of the Alençon civil agents. We touch nothing, awaiting you."

Petty said hoarsely, "That's right."

He remembered the talk at headquarters of meddling officers who interfered, destroyed clues, covered up trails. But what should he do? Never, so far as he knew, had he ever even walked

Madame Casselle, a most pious widow. There, on the other side, is a warehouse of woolen machinery, which 'as many months been locked."

Petty took off his glasses, wiped them nervously, then replaced them on his nose. He looked again at the front of the building. There were only the door and a single window in its plain stone face. One pane of this window was smashed and glass fragments lay scattered on the mud outside.

Duclos pointed to the window. "You see 'ow the assassin enter?"

"But there are no footprints in the mud," Petty objected.

"The murder occur last night at eleven," the inspector said. "The rain arrive a few minutes later and continue one 'alf hour, maybe longer. Before the rain, the soil is firm. 'Ow would there be footprint?"

"Eleven?" Petty repeated. He seized on the fact.

"Madame Casselle next door is awake. She 'ears the scream."
"Scream?"

"A woman's," Duclos said. He added with satisfaction, "It is my theory 'ow a woman always is at bottom of such affair, is it not so?"

Petty blinked at him.

"I have no theories," he admitted, and repeated the fact. "A woman screamed at eleven o'clock. How was the major killed?"

"By one of your large pistols American. We find the empty shell. It is beneath the desk near the body."

"This widow heard the shot?"

"Mais non. Only the woman's scream. Come, I will show you the shell."

But Petty insisted, "One moment. What else do you know?"

"Only this," Duclos confessed. "Monsieur the major was a most deaf-icult man. Everywhere," he waved his arm in a broad circle, "all citizens 'ate 'im. Even the young Lieutenant Long quarrel with 'im."

"When?"

"Just yesterday, m'sieur. And about this woman."

"Which woman?"

"The American, she who has employ in the sale of cigarettes in Paris."

"Y. M. C. A. worker?"

"But yes. The letters are on her sleeve. She arrive yesterday to see the Lieutenant Long. At the gate where he meet 'er, there come the Major Deever also. They quarrel. Several citizens 'ear them."

"About what?"

Duclos shrugged. "Need there be further cause when a woman is concerned?"

"The pistol shell is 'ere," Duclos said, "and 'ere, beside the major's 'and, is this metal clasp. American, m'sieur. I see such clasps many time upon your soldiers."

Petty examined the shell, a forty-five caliber cartridge with the mark of the ejector pin clear upon it. The small iron buckle he scrutinized thoughtfully. Olive drab threads still clung to it, indicating that it had been jerked violently from the fabric. He placed the shell and the coat fastener in an envelope from the desk, pocketed them, and turned to the open safe.

From this angle he could see for the first time the outside of its door.

"Hello!" he exclaimed. "You didn't tell me this! The safe was forced open!"

"To be sure," the inspector replied. "I say on the telephone, do I not, 'ow it is voleur most despicable? 'Ere are the pieces of the knob, 'ammered off."

"Then robbery was the motive," Petty said.

Duclos shrugged.

"Per'aps," he agreed grudgingly. "'Owever, remcmber the woman."

Petty picked up the broken combination rim and knob and laid them on the desk, then bent to examine the door. It had been marred by glancing blows, where black paint and gilt striping had been pounded above the knob.

"I 'ave the ax," Duclos said. "I find it in the shed."

The inspector stepped over the body of Major Deever, but Petty circled it, walking gingerly. In the small wood shed Duclos pointed to an ax. Petty examined first its blade, then the flat face, upon which he made out a fleck of black paint and a touch of gilt.

"This was used to brack the safe," he said, "but it's not American issue."

"It is a Norman ax, made by 'and, by an unskilled blacksmith. Our woodcutters in the 'ills usc such axes always." Duclos picked up the handle, and Petty saw the other stains upon it,



"I don't know," Petty said. "What else?"

"Last evening the major leave his billet at ten o'clock. He go first to the 'ouse of M'sieur Long. The lieutenant is not in. That is the last seen of the major until M'mselle Renault find the poor man thus when she open the office."

"Let's go back in," Petty said.

He halted by the door and looked at the lock. Duclos, observing this, said, "No, it is not broken. Why should it be, with the window open?"

Petty did not answer this time. In the room he set about seeking evidence. On the floor beneath the window lay half a dozen more fragments of glass. The three unbroken panes in the sash were dim with dust, showing that Deever had not been a particularly tidy housekeeper. Petty unlatched the casement and looked out at the ground. It was pitted with the tiny craters of raindrops and the drip line of the eaves was plainly marked. On the mud lay more broken glass, several pieces as large as Petty's palm, with the heavy coating of dust still upon them.

dark, and, when he touched them, sticky against his thumb. Blood he thought, and quickly drew his hand away, then slowly put it back.

"Resin," he decided. "Who burns pine wood hereabout?"

"No one," Duclos answered. "The government forbid it. Except up in the Alpes Mancelles. There the citizens do not know we 'ave a government. They cut what they please."

Petty set down the ax. He was not interested in folk tales of the hills. He returned to the safe and from its disordered interior brought forth the papers there.

"The Lieutenant Long tells me," Duclos said, "las' night this box contain twenty-two thousand francs."

Petty went through the contents hurriedly. The box held only reports and files of orders. He searched the office again, opening drawers, examining the waste basket.

At length he announced, "The money's gone. Until a doctor comes to look at the body, leave it here. The brigadier may stand guard. I'm ready for the widow who heard the scream."

But from Madame Casselle he learned nothing important. She had awakened at eleven because the cat, Joffre by name, leaped on her bed and she had gone to the door to let him out. The night was windless and the air heavy with the approaching rain. Thunder grumbled in the north.

"That Joffre, he is a night prowler, with no morals whatever," the woman said. "He runs down the step and way. I return to my bed, and then I hear the scream."

"What sort of scream?"

"Just one shriek, m'sieur. A shot? Mais non! No shot. Rain begins to fall, and I sleep in two minutes. Yes, a woman's scream it was."

On the way to the headquarters of the city police, Inspector Duclos talked rapidly of the witnesses he held.

"M'selle Renault is of excellent character, m'sieur. You 'ear stories, but 'ow is a girl responsible for 'er birth? 'Er father's aunt was a witch up there." He waved toward the hills.



Duclos shrugged, "Need there be further cause when a woman is concerned?"

"I don't believe in your witches," Petty interrupted his story.

"You 'ave much to learn then. Denise . . . that is 'er name . . . was born of poor farmers in that wild dees-strict south, but 'erself, she is honest. One brother, yes, was of bad reputation. . . ."

"Where is he now?"

"He dies in glory," Duclos replied solemnly, "at the first Marne. A fearless boy, in spite of the bad 'abits. One minute 'e is wading in smoke against the dirty enemy, and then . . . they never bring 'is body 'ome for the people to weep over."

They had arrived at the police headquarters.

Duclos asked, "Which will you see first?"

Petty answered, "All at once."

"All at once? So they 'ear each other's words?"

Petty straightened his round shoulders.

"That's my way," he insisted. "With the information we have, it shouldn't be hard to see which is telling the truth."

"'Ave it your way," the inspector agreed morosely.

He brought in the visiting Y. M. C. A. worker first. She was slender, graceful in a boyish way, with a fresh, pink complexion, and she wore her stiff blue-gray uniform well. Although her eyes were red from tears, she was calm now, but behind her, the girl Denise was weeping openly. She was a red-checked peasant, with fair hair and the blue eyes of Normandy, and she looked at Petty defiantly.

Lieutenant Long, a pale young man with a light fuzz on his upper lip, entered nervously, hugging his garrison cap under his arm. He nodded to Petty and started to speak.

"The Lieutenant Petty will talk first," Duclos warned.

Petty took off his glasses, wiped them, and put them on again. His precise judgment retreated from any dramatics. Nor could he even pretend to understand psychology; mathematics was his field. Looking at the witnesses, he decided that certain questions could have only certain correct answers. If anyone gave replies palpably false, then he could proceed farther.

"I'm trying to solve this murder," he said with hesitation. "I've examined the office and several things are clear. In fact, I know a great deal."

The Y girl glanced quickly at Long.

"Your name, first, please," Petty asked her.

"Anne Marvin," she replied hoarsely, and immediately cleared her throat. "I'm from Paris. I know nothing about this . . . this horrible matter."

"When did you come here?" Petty asked. "And how, and why?"

"She came to see me," Long broke in. He moistened his lips. "She's A. W. O. L., Lieutenant, might as well tell you now. She drove up in her own car yesterday. I'd written I couldn't come there. She was going back to Paris this morning. You see, we're . . . old friends."

Petty made a note on his pad. "Where is her car now?"

"In front of the hotel," the girl explained. "I haven't used it since I arrived."

"I see," Petty answered. He turned to the French girl.

"Tell me what you know, please."

She took a deep breath. "The trouble," she began hesitantly in English, "start yesterday in the office."

"What trouble?" Petty urged mildly. This girl, too, glanced at Long, and Petty recognized fright in her eyes.

"The trouble between the major and . . ."

Lieutenant Long cut her short.

"Good Lord! You aren't trying to tie those things together! Sure, we had a row. Have about three a week. Anybody that worked with Deever had trouble."

"You didn't like Deever?" Petty asked.

"I hated him!" Long replied, and Petty distinctly heard his teeth snap.

"Careful, Archie," the Y girl warned.

"There was more trouble yesterday?"

"It had nothing to do with this case."

Petty turned to Denise. "What was it about?"

"I don't wish to tell," the peasant girl said, and looked down at her run-over shoes.



"She's A. W. O. L., Lieutenant, might as well tell you now," Long broke in. "She drove up in her own car yesterday"

"I'll find out anyhow," Petty said.

The girl caught the firmness in his tone. Her face turned sullen. "It is about the major's pistol," she confessed. "He say Lieutenant Long takes it."

Duclos exclaimed, "Ah!"

"What pistol?" Petty asked.

"I'll tell you!" Long cried. "His forty-five automatic! It was in the top drawer of his desk. I happened to see it one afternoon and told Denise, here, I wished I had one like it. I don't own a pistol," he added pointedly. "While I was looking at it, in popped Deever. Got mad. Told me not to touch it again. Yesterday he was cleaning out his desk and couldn't find it."

"And accused you of taking it?" Petty urged.

"That's it. Got violent. And then found it in the bottom drawer, just where he left it."

"It isn't there now," Petty said dryly. "What happened next?"

"At five o'clock yesterday I started home, and ran into Miss Marvin at the gate. I didn't know she was coming. I was to go back to the office and work last night, but then Deever came

along and I introduced Miss Marvin. He gave her only a surly growl . . . he was a dog!"

"Careful, Archie," the Y girl warned again.

"Well, he was. I told him I wouldn't work last night and he told me I had to. Shouted at me. I said he could throw me in the jug, but I'd not work last night."

Duclos grunted, and looked hard at Petty, who asked mildly, "And you didn't go back?"

"Not till this morning, after Denise pounded on my door to say Deever was dead."

"Where were you last evening?"

"We took a drive in my car," Long said. "Got back at midnight. I took Miss Marvin to the hotel and she let herself in with the key the landlord had given her. Then I drove to my billet and went to bed."

"You're sure of the time?"

"Positive. The church clock struck as I went in my door."

"Was it raining then?"

"The rain was over."

Petty made another note on his pad. (Continued on page 44)

Let's Take the PROFIT Out of CRIME

By Daniel Needham

*Commissioner of Public Safety,
Commonwealth of Massachusetts*



ONLY a few weeks after I had assumed charge of the Massachusetts state police, we were called upon to solve a sensational and atrocious crime. A ten-year-old girl had been abducted and was being held for ransom. Today, I am glad to say, she is safe with her parents, the entire ransom has been recovered and the kidnapers are in jail. As a relative newcomer to police work, I was able to observe this crime with some objectiveness. Naturally, I acquired some new opinions about crime, its cause, its prevention and its punishment. Because I believe that the McMath kidnaping case has a certain significance toward crime in general, I am glad to pass these opinions along.

As you possibly know, ten-year-old Peggy McMath was kidnaped from her school early in May. Ransom of \$250,000 was demanded and \$70,000 was paid by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Neil C. McMath of Harwichport on Cape Cod. Cyril Buck, who had acted as go-between for his brother, Kenneth, returned

Officers looking into the cellar in which the bootleggers who had turned kidnapers kept ten-year-old Peggy McMath while her father was raising the ransom money

\$10,000 of this to Mr. McMath in what was palpably a grandiloquent gesture. And presently, while Mr. McMath and his partner were still being held with Peggy McMath as hostages, the state police poured down aboard the boat

where the group was sitting. People still ask me how we did it. And all I can say is, we did it because of the hard work which was done by many fine detectives and policemen.

In the first place, we were able to deduce that Peggy McMath was hidden not far from her own home. When Cyril Buck appeared as intermediary, Mr. McMath gave him a question the answer to which would prove that Cyril was actually in contact with the real kidnapers. The father asked the name of Peggy's dog which had died some time before. The correct answer came back in a very short time, and in Peggy's own handwriting. So we knew that Peggy was at least on the Cape and probably not many miles from Harwichport. Therefore, we concentrated our search and proceeded to bottle up the Cape to prevent escape.

Peggy identifies the kidnapers' car for General Needham

Also, we worked from the outside in. Our first concern was the safety of the child. We would do nothing which might tempt the kidnapers to her destruction.

Now that it is over, the solution of this case seems simple. But it wasn't quite so simple as it sounds. For one thing, it is obvious to anyone that there is considerable jealousy between the different branches of the police. Luckily, the Harwich police force, consisting of a chief and five officers, all perfectly familiar with the locality, placed themselves entirely at our disposal. This generous abnegation of local authority contributed enormously to our success. Unfortunately, it is not the rule for local policemen to proffer such absolute co-operation. There is a certain amount of jealousy. It is a similar jealousy to that which makes a uniformed state policeman somewhat reticent to give all his information to a plain clothes policeman, and certainly, detectives are reticent about information in the face of the uniformed men. These jealousies—between local police and the state police, between different branches in both organizations—are similar to the jealousies which I have observed between soldiers and sailors. They work to the same end, they share the same ideal of public service, but there is a natural inclination for a man to secure what glory he can to his own branch of the service. But as long as I was at Harwichport, having complete authority, this jealousy was never apparent.

So the first conclusion brought home to me by the McMath case was this: There should be a maximum of co-operation between all forces working toward the apprehension of criminals. Our detectives were trained in the work their title implies. Our uniformed men were skillful officers. But further than this, we endeavored to maintain co-operation with all the lawful forces of the commonwealth, and to do so we had to profit from the great strides of science. We operated a thorough system of communication—one that kept us in immediate contact with all parts of Massachusetts and with towns and cities outside of Massachusetts.

We employed the facilities of the state police mobile radio broadcasting station, keeping us constantly in touch with scores of radio cruisers on patrol throughout the State. This mobile broadcasting station, I believe, is one of the first ever employed in police work. We also enjoyed the advantages of a teletype system, which connects state police barracks and municipal police forces in different parts of the State. Immediately after establishing our headquarters at Harwich, we installed a teletype system. There was some difficulty about securing a direct wire; the newspapermen had swarmed into Harwich and Harwichport, had contracted for available trunk lines. But with the enthusiastic co-operation of the New England Telephone Company, we finally secured the direct wire we needed, albeit I think it went from Harwich to the north by a circuitous route. And we enjoyed all the local knowledge which the Harwich officers and our Cape detectives could make available to us.

Through all these means, we solved the mystery of the kidnaping, we were able to learn when Peggy McMath was turned over to her father. And I formed many conclusions concerning the best qualities to look for in a policeman. They are, perhaps,



obvious, but they deserve emphasis. The quality of discipline, I found, is paramount. If World War veterans were only younger, I would ask no better police force than one composed of such experienced and disciplined soldiers and sailors. But police work in many situations requires young men, and very active men. For a few years after the war, the Massachusetts state police were practically 100 percent veterans, but the proportion is far smaller today; aging men do not take kindly to patrol work. Nevertheless, the tradition hangs on, and if the McMath case was solved, as some newspapers have been kind enough to say, by a new technic in such investigations, then I must admit that the greatest values to that technic are co-operation and discipline.

Now suppose we had not located (Continued on page 52)

★ *The National Commander Says—*

THIS, TOO, *is a* *Legion* CONCERN

Louis Johnson

IT WAS my privilege a few weeks ago to be a guest and speaker at a dinner given at Clarksburg, West Virginia—my home town and my home State—in honor of three West Virginians who this year are serving as the executive heads of three great national organizations. The guests included, in addition to your National Commander, Clarence E. Martin, President of the American Bar Association, and Joseph Rosier, President of the National Education Association. It is not necessary for me to stress to you the importance of these two organizations in our national life, or the fact that each of them has always been a loyal supporter of The American Legion and of the principles which are the Legion's franchise for existence.

In my talk to the fellow-citizens of my State on this occasion (an occasion, you may be sure, which I felt honored and flattered to be asked to attend, both for my own sake and in the name of the great organization I was officially privileged to represent) I stressed the necessity of and hope for even greater economies in government than those which have already been effected. I stressed in particular the question of tax-exempt securities, pointing out the waste inherent in the very principle of such securities, how it made the road to governmental extravagance (a road on which there is no speed limit) a veritable primrose-lined, four-laned, concrete thoroughfare—a road of beauty and charm, but a road that leads only to the twin cities of Bankruptcy and Chaos. I called the widespread issuance of tax-exempt securities the greatest crime of the war, which is saying a lot, but I meant it. I emphasized the resultant burden loaded on the back of the poor man, and declared that the rich man, whose back is stronger to begin with, should carry most of that burden. I had no definite figures, but I knew that the total of tax-exempt securities in this country ran far up into the billions.

Now it happened that the toastmaster at this dinner was my old friend John J. Cornwell, war governor of West Virginia and general counsel of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad for the past eleven years. Governor Cornwell happened to be associated with me in the trial of my first case—and that was more years ago than he or I like to think. Governor Cornwell, exercising the toastmaster's prerogative of saying what he wants to when he wants to, followed me, and to my delight proved to be a veritable encyclopaedia of facts regarding the tax-exempt security situation. It has been a hobby with him for years—he has the data at his fingers' ends, in all its involved statistical intricacy. Not only did he agree absolutely with the principles which I had expressed in general terms, but he was able to support those principles with figures which are staggering not only in their arithmetical spread but in their implications.

Let us look at a few of them. Some of them were contained in Governor Cornwell's hearty endorsement at the dinner; others I have had from him in the intervening weeks, and they are here presented with his approval.

When Governor Cornwell began his investigation of tax-exempt securities he found it exceedingly difficult to assemble definite data. This fact itself is of uncomfortable significance. We have

been issuing tax-exempt securities in this country since the war with the prodigality of a banker in a poker game tossing out chips without concerning himself about the ability of the players to liquidate them at the end of the game. Nobody knows the total—literally nobody. For example, there was introduced into the last session of Congress—our final lame-duck session—a bill aimed at the regulation of tax-exempt securities which placed the total at \$36,000,000,000. This figure, mind, was in a bill introduced into the United States Senate—it is official, it is something that future commentators and financial historians will have a right to cite as authoritative. Yet it is about as close to the real facts as any casual unskilled commentator would be likely to come if he made a wild, haphazard guess.

Governor Cornwell found other guesses—some not so wild, some wilder. He saw that the only thing for him to do was to look into the thing closely and make a guess for himself—a guess supported by as much data as he could accumulate. He found that the total indebtedness of the United States (the Federal Government, that is) amounted to \$21,000,000,000. But, also, the Government is under other obligations than those made strictly and unequivocally in its own name. There are the Panama Canal bonds, which are as official as direct government obligations themselves—which are, in strict fact, direct obligations on the United States Government. There are the semi-official bonds of the insular

“Tax exemption is really a misnomer. The man who buys the security is exempt, but you and I meet the obligation from which he has been excused”

possessions—the Philippines and Puerto Rico. To compute the extent of these is difficult—some are in process of absorption and retirement. Governor Cornwell didn't even bother to guess at the total—he let it go, taking note of the fact that the obligations existed. And then he came to Federal Land Bank bonds and Joint Stock Land Bank bonds, and here he was on definite ground again, for the total is available. Securities of these two classes total toward \$9,000,000,000. Toss in the millions in Panama and insular bonds and the figure would exceed that, so nine billion is conservative. Already the total is \$30,000,000,000—and only a single class and one sub-class of tax-exempt securities have been considered.



Cartoon by John Cassel

Next he came to a group of securities issued by various legislative districts of whose existence few of us are aware as a group. We may have heard of the one nearest our community but we incline to think of it as something all to itself—something that probably isn't duplicated anywhere else in the country. Those of us who live in the East, particularly in New York and New Jersey, know vaguely that there is something that is called the Port of New York Authority which builds bridges across the Hudson River and vehicular tunnels under it, among other commendable activities. It also issues bonds—another commendable activity, for without the bonds it could not build tunnels and bridges. Those of us in Ohio know of the existence of the Miami Flood District, whose concern, equally commendable, is to prevent any repetition of such a disaster as overwhelmed the city of Dayton twenty years ago. The Miami Flood District issues bonds. Various drainage and irrigation projects are in process elsewhere which are similarly financed. What is the total bonded indebtedness in this group? Nobody knows. But anyone can guess, with perfect safety, that it is formidable. And it is tax-exempt.

One is on comparatively firmer ground when it comes to computing the total issues backed by state governments. We know that since the war (and all of these statistics relate to money-raising endeavors carried out *since the war*) the States altogether have floated between ten and thirteen billions of securities—tax exempt. Conservatively, the total which Governor Cornwell had now reached was \$45,000,000,000. He was well past the "official" figure in the Senate bill—twenty-five percent past it—and he was not through yet.

Perhaps there is a new school in your community—new, that is, since 1918. Undoubtedly there was a crying need for its construction. It is not likely that it cost less than \$50,000—probably much more. It was paid for by a bond issue—tax-exempt. Since the war some sixteen thousand taxing units in the United States—a conservative total—have issued bonds, some of which, in the larger cities, have run up to issues of half a billion dollars. It is thoroughly safe to figure that the average issue was at least \$300,000. That multiplies to close enough to \$5,000,000,000 to call it that. And it swells the grand total to \$50,000,000,000. (Continued on page 48)



After the Akron, WHAT?

By Samuel Taylor Moore

ON THE maiden service flight of the ill-fated airship *Akron* on November 2, 1931, Rear-Admiral William A. Moffett, who was to be one of the more than seventy victims in the greatest single air tragedy in history, told me, who was on board as a representative of The American Legion Monthly:

"We have laid the foundations firmly for the development of commercial airships. We have given the United States leadership by a full generation in a comfortable, safe, and swifter form of transportation. We have established a new art which offers a brilliant future for many young Americans."

Almost beyond question the *Akron* disaster may be regarded as a death knell to hopes of lighter-than-air advocates who had been dreaming dreams of a vast fleet of American commercial airships spanning the broad seas in the near future. No matter

ON November 2, 1931, when the United States Navy airship *Akron* made her maiden voyage, Mr. Moore was on board as a representative of The American Legion Monthly. Himself a World War balloon pilot and a national authority on lighter-than-air development during and since the war, Mr. Moore is amply qualified to read the lesson of the disaster which early in April overwhelmed the *Akron* and to point the future of the dirigible as an engine of national defense

that the airship still retains a perfect record of safety in oceanic air crossings (for two years now up to the present time the *Graf Zeppelin* has been flying passengers and freight between Germany and Brazil with all the regularity of a ferry boat), the *Akron* tragedy gave the lie to two widely publicized safety features of the American airship. Disregarding the important considerations of structural solidity, and the operating judgment of the *Akron's* skipper, we had been told that earlier airship disasters had been made awful in their completeness because the buoyant agency which supported all save the *Shenandoah* was inflammable hydrogen gas. Non-inflam-

mable helium gas, of which America has a virtual monopoly, was, we were informed, the final and absolute factor of safety. That did not prove to be the case with the *Akron*. Also, it had been emphasized that the comparatively calmer air over the sea made

airship navigation over the ocean safer than over land, where treacherous air currents hold sway. Again, a repeated truism apparently was demonstrated to be untrue. A third guarantee of safety advertised for the *Akron* was her flexible propeller shafts. We were told that by a simple mechanical movement her propeller blades could be shifted to give her vertical pull in the manner of a helicopter. That safety feature, too, failed in its crucial test, no matter that it was a failure of omission because the disaster happened so quickly that there was not time to shift the propellers.

In the light of the evil genius which has pursued post-war airship operations outside of Germany, then, it is the indisputable fact that the public has acquired such a distrust of airships that their commercial future is bleak if not hopeless. But that does not mean that the Navy will not continue their use and development despite Congressional outbursts advocating the junking of all airships. Repeated airship disasters have obscured in the public mind the record of their past military value.

Censorship and propaganda distorted or concealed the tremendous aid given the German cause by Zeppelins during the World War. As a result we gained only the impression of fright-

fulness as the result of airship raids over England and France. Actually, airship bombs killed comparatively few noncombatants. The objectives of the airship raids were the industrial centers of London and Paris. It is on the record that the material damage accomplished by the raids was inconsiderable. But unappreciated by the public was the indirect effectiveness of those airship raids.

To be ever vigilant to protect industrial centers from airship bombs, France and England were forced to maintain vast home defense forces dotting their countries at every strategic point. Hundreds of thousands of soldiers, many airplane squadrons, thousands of anti-aircraft cannon, an equal number of searchlight batteries, a communication system for warnings of approaching raiders, were required, keeping at home men and matériel which well might have given the Allies preponderance of power on the Western Front before the Russian collapse—man-power, gun-power, air-power.

As airplane efficiency increased alike in cruising range, bomb-capacity and speed under the spur of war development, airplanes generally were found to be more effective for air raids than airships. Consequently the Gotha practically superseded the vulnerable Zeppelin. The airship today still retains vastly greater bomb capacity and range, but it is possible that both those factors are nullified by the comparative slowness of the airship and its cumbersome size. Admittedly its huge bulk makes it a fine target for the new anti-aircraft guns. Despite our advantage of non-inflammable helium as opposed to the deadly hydrogen, which took great toll of war Zeppelins, the modern airship may be regarded as obsolescent if not obsolete in its function as a bombardment instrument. But the bombardment operations of Zeppelins constituted only one phase of their valuable service to Germany.

We were never told of the true value of Zeppelins in keeping vigilant watch on enemy naval activities. From the air Zeppelins ceaselessly observed every movement of the British Grand Fleet. British mine-planting operations were foiled through four long years of war by Zeppelin watchfulness. Patrolling the Kiel Canal approaches like water-fowl preying on fish, keen German eyes spotted the

(Continued on page 54)



The largest of the portions of the wreckage of the dirigible *Akron* after her fatal plunge into the Atlantic off the coast of New Jersey early in April. On opposite page, the airship passing over Washington in the glory of her maiden flight—a photograph used with Mr. Moore's article in *The American Legion Monthly* for January, 1932

1865 - 1880 = 15 years
1918 - 1933 = 15 years

We're NOW Where They Were THEN

By Marquis James

THIS is the second of two articles by Mr. James pointing out contrasts and parallels between the Grand Army of the Republic half a generation after Appomattox and The American Legion half a generation after the Meuse-Argonne. Subsequent articles will discuss the rise and growth of the United Confederate Veterans. Mr. James's study of "Andrew Jackson, the Border Captain" was recently published by Bobbs-Merrill, which two years ago issued his "The Raven: A Biography of Sam Houston," which was a Pulitzer Prize winner.



DR. B. F. STEPHENSON left a wife, a family and a prosperous medical practice in Springfield to organize the surgical staff of the Fourteenth Illinois Infantry. He was forty-three when he returned in 1865 and his neatly-cropped, professional-looking beard showed threads of gray. The fastidious care that the doctor bestowed upon his beard did something to redeem his inattention to clothes. Savings were gone, but this did not disturb Benjamin Franklin Stephenson, who was not the kind to borrow trouble. It would be no time, he said, before he had his old practice back and would be on easy street again.

Old patients did, indeed, return, but as likely as not they would find the doctor's office shut and the doctor away visiting some soldier in distress who not only was unable to pay professional fees

In 1880 the state encampments of the G. A. R. in many cases drew larger crowds than did the national meeting. Here's the New York encampment in Brooklyn enthusiastically applauding the old bugle calls. From a contemporary print in Leslie's Weekly

The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly

At Milwaukee, as was customary at G. A. R. gatherings, the veterans scorned the easy life of indoors to make the state encampment simulate the brave days of fifteen years before. The street parade featured department officials ahorse, and the old battleflags. From a Harper's Weekly illustration

but without money for medicines. In such cases Dr. Stephenson himself supplied the medicines from D. K. Gold's drug store. The doctor had a minor interest in the store, but charged against his cut of the profits was invariably a sizeable bill for drugs for veterans who were unable to pay. "He was but a poor manager in financial affairs," wrote a man who knew him, "always feeling rich with a few dollars in hand and evidently caring little when he had none."

Friends remonstrated. Stephenson should not try to do all the free work in Sangamon County. Let some young fellow without family responsibilities bear a hand.

The theory was equable but somehow no young doctors pushed each other over in the rush to fill the older surgeon's shoes. More and more Dr. Stephenson's practice suffered from the inroads of charity, which at his hand did not wear the cloak of charity. In this way he came to appreciate the needs of the veterans and the effect on them, and on public sentiment, of the various types of veterans' organizations that were springing up like crocuses on a March lawn. The scattered regimental and community societies represented the true spirit of comradeship and mutual helpfulness. The political clubs, often manipulated by designing men for their own advancement, gave a false impression of what the returned soldier stood for. The weakness of the regimental and community associations was their want of common leadership. This was the strength of the political clubs. Stephenson dreamed of linking up the thousand or more local organizations as units of a great national organization, by, of and for the veterans and free from the ignoble rivalries of politics.

He thought the thing out as he made his rounds, day and night, in the familiar mud-spattered buggy. He gave voice to his thoughts in the give-and-take discussions about the stove in D. K. Gold's drug store. Some of the leading personages of Springfield came to listen and were converted to the feasibility of a plan that gradually shaped itself. With the general scheme agreed upon, the originators started, very sensibly, at the bottom, and began to compose a ritual for the transaction of business by a local post. The literature of various existing veterans' societies was studied and ideas freely appropriated from the "work" of secret fraternal orders. Among the rituals examined was that of a local organization in Missouri called the Grand Army of Progress, from which the promoters evolved the name Grand Army of the Republic.

A tentative draft of the ritual completed, it was forwarded to



the sympathetic proprietors of the Decatur *Tribune* to put into type. Printers working at the case in the *Tribune* office liked it, and, as the matter got talked around town, twelve veterans of Decatur, including two printers, petitioned Dr. Stephenson for permission to form a post. Whereupon the doctor constituted himself Commander of the Department of Illinois and drafted into service as his adjutant general a newspaper man named Robert M. Woods. With no more formality than he would have employed in scribbling a prescription, on April 6, 1866, Commander Stephenson wrote out on a sheet of ordinary correspondence paper a charter for Decatur Post No. 1 of the Grand Army of the Republic.

Paper-work was not the doctor's forte and he had put the cart before the horse, but no matter—a word to Woods and the Adjutant General took pen in practiced hands and produced a document entitled "Constitution of the Grand Army of the Republic." It was an able paper and through all the vicissitudes in store for the Grand Army it has survived practically without change. Like the Constitution of The American Legion, it began with a declaration of principles, in the following language:

"THE results which are designed to be accomplished . . . are: "The preservation of those kind and fraternal feelings which have bound together, with the strong cords of love and affection, the comrades in arms of many battles, sieges and marches.

"To make these ties available in works and results of kindness, of favor and material aid to those in need of assistance.

"To make provision . . . for the support, (Continued on page 46)

GET IN *and*

*Everybody Can Learn and it's
Never too Late, Says*

TOM ROBINSON

*Swimming Coach, Northwestern University
Evanston, Illinois*



IT IS a pleasant summer day. A solitary woman is driving her automobile across a bridge. Something goes wrong in the steering gear, her car crashes through the bridge railing, falls seventy-five feet, settles

upside down in twenty feet of salt water. It looks like a first-rate tragedy. But it doesn't turn out that way at all. The woman is a competent swimmer. She instinctively takes a deep breath as her car starts its dive. She swims out through the open window. A few seconds later she swims ashore not even badly frightened.

A different time, a different place. A passenger train thunders across the mountains at midnight. The only Pullman passenger not asleep is a man in the washroom. Just as the engine rolls onto a bridge the structure topples and the train goes into the river. The washroom window bursts outward from internal air pressure, the wakeful man finds himself in a mountain torrent. It happens that he, too, is a strong swimmer. So he presently clambers up the bank, the only passenger to be saved.

These are actual occurrences. If nobody ever found himself in deep water except of his own free will, swimming might be classed exclusively as a sport rather than as a means of self-defense. The fact is, nobody knows when he is going to be dumped into water where only swimming can save him. People find themselves in the water at the most unexpected times. Those who can swim competently generally get out and live to be ducked another day. Those who cannot swim drown—unless they are lucky enough to

have some good swimmers in the neighborhood to pull them out.

Every summer for the past twenty-three years I have given my regular course of beginners' lessons in swimming and life-saving at the Northwestern University pool. The children's classes always include some three-year-olds and many four-year-olds. We put them through the same training course as any other beginners, children or adults. Not long ago I gave a children's class the routine lesson on how to carry a drowning person out of the water.

The following week-end a man fifty years old, weighing two hundred pounds, sat drowsing on the edge of a pier at a Michigan lake. Suddenly the world went black, he fell forward into ten feet of water. He knew he was lost, for he could not swim and his only companion on the pier had been a four-year-old girl. To his astonishment, as the water choked him he heard a tiny voice alongside saying, "I'll save you, catch hold of my suit." He did as he was told, and that baby towed him into the shallows! The little girl had been in my class, and as she explained afterwards, "Mr. Robinson had me pull him across the tank, so I knew I could do it." To the best of my knowledge, this is the world's record for youthful life-saving.

For twenty-seven years I have been a swimming instructor, since 1910 at Northwestern University. I have had more than 100,000 people in classwork, about 40,000 of them beginners, the other 60,000 ranging from dog-paddlers to Olympic champions. In this time I have seen the ratio of Americans who know how to swim more than double itself. In 1906 the run-of-mine swimming class had seventy percent beginners and thirty percent who could swim. In 1933 the percentages have been reversed; seventy percent now can swim. At this rate of progress, within another twenty years or so everybody in the United States will know how to swim. Most of the credit should go to the summer camps and to schools and Y. M. C. A.'s. With all the facilities available, I cannot understand how anybody willingly

Here's the crawl stroke. Contrary to a popular impression it's the most natural stroke for anybody



SWIM



permits himself or any member of his family to lack this essential ability.

A widespread illusion is that some people cannot learn to swim. I know this is not true. Everybody can learn to swim. Everybody ought to learn. Thousands of Americans are drowned every year who might have been saved for useful, happy lives. As it

is, the non-swimmers not only lose their lives but also they drag down a good many hundreds of courageous but ill-equipped swimmers who try to save them. Failure to teach your children to swim, or to learn yourself, is little short of criminal negligence.

We teach everybody in our classes that the minimum equipment for self-defense is an ability to swim 220 yards, an eighth of a mile. Any able-bodied adult or child above six years can learn this in a single summer, given competent instruction at the beginning and enough interest to practise a few times a week. Out of any group average of 100 people who make this much progress, at least fifty will within another year be able to swim a full mile with sufficient skill so that they could strike out from a boat overturned a mile from shore with every confidence of reaching land alive.

The beginners come to our summer course in classes of about twenty-five. About half are children's classes, but the procedure is identical for all ages. I know no better way to tell how to teach swimming than to outline the way we go about it.

We start out by teaching the crawl stroke. This runs counter to a popular impression that the crawl is an accomplishment for only the adept swimmer. It is the most natural stroke for anybody. It resembles walking. The principal difference is that the swimmer cuts the normal adult's twenty-eight-inch stride to one-third the walking stride, about ten inches. The feet are moved up and down with toes extended, and as in walking they swing from the hips. Similarly, the normal arm-swing of the brisk pedestrian is about one-third of the total arm motion of swimming crawl.

We start our beginners' course with what

we term the psychology of swimming, since a wrong frame of mind is the greatest hindrance to learning. The pupils sit on the edge of the pool with feet dangling in the water. "What is there to be afraid of about swimming?" we ask them, and answer our own question. "Nothing. The width, the length, the depth of this pool make no difference. There is no danger. No one has ever drowned in my presence, and I'd rather drown than let you be harmed. I'll take the responsibility for your safety. Do what I tell you and you won't get into trouble. Why, swimming is just as natural as walking. A duckling, or any baby animal walks into the water and swims off without any instruction. He has an inherited feeling for how to do it. Somehow human beings have mislaid that instinct, so this lesson will replace the instinct in you. We'll show you how to swim, and then you'll swim just as naturally as a duck or a muskrat.

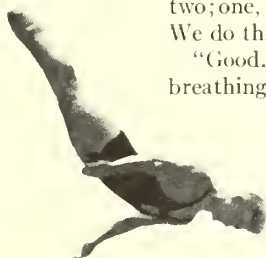
"I've taught the crawl stroke to thousands of folks. It is much like walking. Now, just start swinging your feet in the water. That's right, now you're learning to swim crawl with your feet. Keep it up. One, two, three; one, two, three." We have them kicking the water for a few minutes as they sit on the edge of the pool.

"All right, now you know the way to kick. The next thing is the arms. First we're going to learn to swim without bringing the arms above the water. Now, here's how we do this. One, two; one, two. That's right, now you know how to use your arms." We do this for two or three minutes.

"Good. Now the only thing you still have to learn is the breathing. You turn your head and inhale through the mouth. Then shut your mouth, turn your head straight forward, and breathe out through the nose. Easy, isn't it? All right, inhale, one; exhale, two. One, two; one, two." So we practice breathing.

The next step is to co-ordinate these motions, first in pairs and then all three. In a few minutes all twenty-five pupils are doing the whole thing in rhythm, kicking, swinging the arms, breathing. So we tell them, "Now we know everything there is to the crawl stroke, we'll get in the water and try it."

We now pass out water wings, have the beginners all get into shallow water. On their water wings these beginners swim in procession around the shallow end, while (Continued on page 57)



Coach Robinson has taught two-year-olds to swim, but the very best time for anyone to learn is between the ages of seven and eight

AFTER DR. LEGION IS CALLED IN
CONSULTATION THE ECONOMY ACT GOES

BACK *to the* OPERATING *by* Watson B. Miller *Chairman, National Rehabilitation Committee, The American Legion*

TABLE

MAY 10, 1933, will be remembered as one of the most important days in the history of the Government's dealings with the veterans of the World War. On that day, the President of the United States stopped in the midst of the multiplied and prodigious labors he was carrying on and spent much time in the White House discussing a single problem with the National Commander of The American Legion. As a result of that conference, President Roosevelt took action to prevent aggravated injustices to tens of thousands of disabled service men and their dependents which would have proceeded from the unanticipated harshness of the Economy Act.

Two months earlier—in March, a week after he became President—Franklin D. Roosevelt had asked for and received from Congress the authority to set aside the laws affecting the veterans of all wars. He was empowered at the same time to set up by presidential order an entire new system of veterans' legislation.

Under that new system, the President was to determine just which veterans of each war and their dependents were to be entitled to payments referred to as pensions, the amounts of payments to be made, and the future scope and application of such provisions as care in hospitals and soldiers' homes and the burial of service men dying with limited resources.

The President had swiftly put into effect the power conferred upon him. The Economy Act was approved by Congress on March 20th. Shortly thereafter, the President issued twelve Executive Orders, the foundation structure of the new law. Upon this foundation, the Veterans Administration quickly built by a series of instructions the working rules for the new system and began the huge task of transferring its operations from the old law to the new.

When the Executive Orders and the Veterans Administration instructions became known, urgent questions arose at once from many quarters. Was the new law just in principle and details? Were the Executive Orders and instructions soundly based on the experience which the Government had acquired so painfully in the previous fourteen years? Did they respect the rights of disabled service men and widows and orphans? Could the new law be put into effect as quickly as its terms called for? In other words, would the new law work?

Despite the fact that the Economy Act affected more than a million persons it was to be put into effect surprisingly soon. By July 1, 1933, thousands of men previously paid compensation of one sort or another would be removed from the rolls and many other thousands would be re-rated to receive the greatly-diminished payments called for by the new law.

As soon as The American Legion had had an opportunity to

analyze and study the new system, it registered its conviction that the new law as it was being applied would not work. National Commander Louis Johnson called upon President Roosevelt at the White House on April 12th to express that conviction. At this first conference with the President, the National Commander presented a statement of the law's defects and the injustices which were calculated to arise from it. Previously, immediately after the President had appealed to Congress for full authority, the National Commander, on behalf of the Legion, had expressed the Legion's desire—which was the desire of all good citizens—to stand behind the President, confident that in the preparation of the law and the provisions for its execution there would be no grave departure from the nation's traditional policy of dealing fairly with its disabled service men.

President Roosevelt on the occasion of that first conference with the National Commander received Mr. Johnson's facts and figures in the spirit in which they were offered. But he could not bring himself to believe that the orders and regulations as drawn would accomplish the disastrous results which the Legion was predicting. He had turned from the problem of veterans' affairs to multiplied other problems, all fraught with tremendous significance to the country's welfare, and was relying upon his Director of the Budget, Lewis W. Douglas, and Mr. Douglas's advisers, the Administrator and the key officials of the Veterans Administration, to devise ways and means which would be just, which would meet the test of operation.

ON THAT first visit to the White House, National Commander Johnson was under a disadvantage. The new regulations and instructions had only been made known a few days earlier. The analysis of them prepared by the Legion's authorities on rehabilitation might be challenged as biased. The Director of the Budget and the Administrator felt that the instructions were as equitable as could be had considering the amount of money proposed to be saved.

Time was a factor necessary to prove that The American Legion was right. With time came the weight of other evidence which could no longer be discounted as the product of hasty consideration or interested motives. When National Commander Johnson went to the White House for his second conference—a meeting which will be remembered for its far-reaching effect—he had with him the documentary proof of every contention he had advanced a month earlier. Furthermore, the injustices which he had predicted upon his first call had not been exaggerations. In the light of actual ratings of disabled service men under the new law, injustices worse than any which had been anticipated a month earlier were now almost accomplished realities. Surprising indeed was the outstanding fact: That while proponents of a



Drawing by Cyrus L. Baldridge

STILL THE FIRST OBLIGATION

revolutionary change in veterans' legislation had promised that World War veterans who acquired wounds and other disabilities in battle should not suffer by the changes but should even benefit by them, *these battle casualties were now to be among the principal sufferers under the new law.*

National Commander Johnson placed in the hands of the President and his advisers indisputable proof of case after case in which men actually wounded in battle, men who had suffered the loss of a leg or an arm, were scheduled to receive under the Economy Act sums much smaller than those previously paid to them. He pointed to reports which proved that all through the country men with disabilities previously considered service-connected were being arbitrarily stricken from the rolls. He declared that incalculable harm was about to be accomplished through the Economy Act.

Should the fifty-four Regional Offices of the Veterans Administration be closed after July 1st, as called for by official orders, should hospital facilities be curtailed so completely as contemplated, tens of thousands of disabled men and their dependents would suffer the loss of rights long guaranteed to them, without

any opportunity for the correction of the injustices which would be bound to arise in the application of new and drastic provisions. Furthermore, the National Commander pointed out, this situation could have but one effect in addition to the injustices to individuals: It was bound to throw into utter confusion the whole system of the Veterans Administration. If the two score and more Regional Offices were to be closed and their records boxed and shipped to the central office in Washington, chaos was certain.

THE President was stirred deeply by the facts which were laid before him. With his secretaries Marvin McIntyre and Stephen Early, he discussed in detail with Commander Johnson question after question in the light of the new facts. Into the conferences from time to time came Mr. Douglas, Director of the Budget, and Mr. Roberts, Solicitor of the Veterans Administration and representative of General Hines. The President's decision was expressed in a history-making announcement, issued that evening over the signature of his secretary, Stephen Early. This statement, which was published throughout America the following day, brought hope and confidence to (Continued on page 42)



American doughboys and Marines on the march to Peking

TRAPPED in the Foreign Legations at Peking, Hundreds of Americans and Europeans Held Off the Furious Boxers, Whose Cry Was "Death to all Foreigners!" Frederick Palmer, Who Accompanied The Allied Relief Expedition, Here Catches the High Spots of One of the Strangest International Dramas Ever Enacted

THE white stars on the blue field and the red and white stripes! When did the sight of our flag mean most to you? At home or in France? I know when it meant most to me, as I look back upon how I have been beaten back and forth over the world to centers of bloodshed and strife. I, too, saw it advance to the Rhine. It has meant more to me on a little gunboat in a distant harbor—all the more mine in its gallant loneliness—than on the flagship at the head of a column of battleships. It meant most to me when the first rays of the sun flashed it out of the mist and a breeze spread its folds in rippling pride over the high stone wall of the native city of Tientsin, China.

In the dawn of that morning, its message had a deeper personal

ON to



Russian soldiers gathering loot in Tientsin, which had to be captured before the march on Peking could be successfully carried out



significance than a line of American bayonets staying defeat or advancing to victory in regular warfare. The bayonets stood for salvation from filthy humiliation, and worse than death—to be followed by certain death.

Suddenly, in the late spring of 1900, the swarms of Boxers crying, "Death to all foreign devils!" had risen in North China. Missionaries were in flight for their lives, the foreign legations in Peking besieged.

"American women and children are in danger," said Captain Bowman H. McCalla of our Navy, "and I'm going to Peking"—going with his cruiser's crew, fewer than a hundred men.

Sailors and marines of other foreign men-of-war at Taku did not have a second thought in accepting that challenge. Under command of Admiral Seymour of the British navy—which had the largest force—they boarded a train, expecting to reach Peking by rail. But soon they found the track torn up. The Boxers were getting arms from the Chinese government arsenals, Chinese soldiers were joining them. The seamen, untrained and

unequipped for land work, fought on against the surrounding hordes of fanatic savagery, until it was clear they could not reach Peking. They must retreat.

Both going and returning,

Under a bamboo-staffed flag of truce the Chinese advance with presents for the foreign devils



PEKING!

By Frederick Palmer

You catchee him but you no killee. Me catchee and me killee."

The foreign concession of Tientsin, with its foreign houses and sanitation, was under fire from modern guns and rifles of German make from the high stone walls of the adjoining native city. I do not care to be under fire in any kind of company, but if I am ever under fire again I hope that it will not be in the company of women. They are gay—gayer than men—and sacrificing in their part of keeping up the courage of the men. But the gayer the female of the species and the more nonchalantly she exposes herself, the more afflicting becomes her presence in great danger to the male of the species.

When shells were bursting and sniper's bullets sweeping the streets I met young Herbert Hoover busy on his errands protecting his mining interests. As I was walking along, nursing a dozen eggs I had rustled, a dapper British naval lieutenant stopped and stared at them. "Eggs! Eggs!" he exclaimed. I gave two to Beatty, the future commander-in-chief of the British navy in the World War.

Hurry calls had been sent for the troops of all the great western nations to reinforce the sailor men. Japan's home army was nearest the scene, and Russia had troops in Manchuria and



Colonel Liscum, Civil War veteran (in Khaki blouse), just before the attack on the native portion of Tientsin in which he was killed

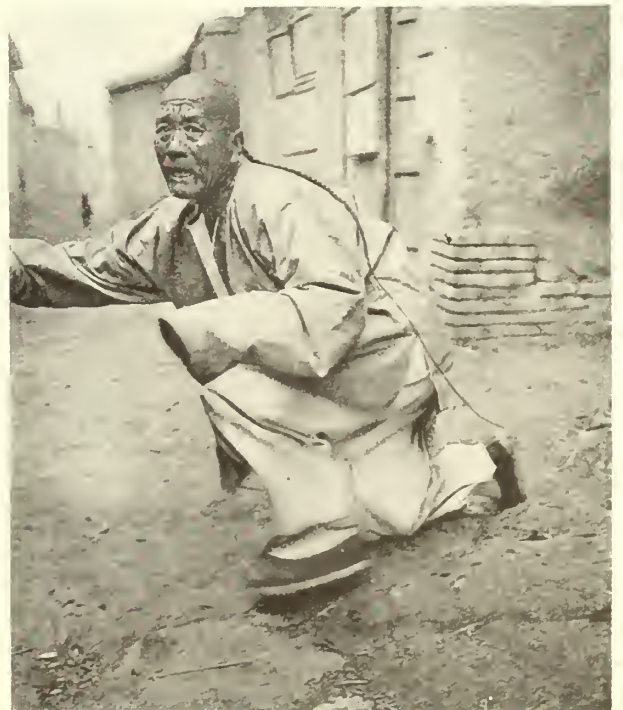
the Americans formed the skirmish line; and McCalla hobbling on his wounded foot, led it in a determination that was a combination of gayety and the wrath of God. When one of his men captured a donkey and offered it to him to ride, he turned it over to another sailor who was worse wounded than himself.

A night came when the expedition could no longer carry its wounded; its ammunition and food were nearly exhausted. Tomorrow would see the end. Wounded and unwounded could only fight to the death. But, in the morning they stumbled upon a Chinese arsenal which supplied ammunition enough to fight their way back to the foreign concession of Tientsin.

Meanwhile, silence from Peking—no wireless in those days. Had the final act there already been enacted? Had the husband used his last two cartridges, one for his wife and the other for himself? Had the children been clubbed to death in savagery's triumph? For the Boxers were out to kill all foreign devils, regardless of age or size. Quarter was not in the Chinese military practice of the time, it was against Chinese philosophy. To illustrate: When one of our medical officers in the Philippines caught one of our Chinese litter-bearers about to kill a wounded Filipino, the Chinese said:

"You bring Melican soldiers far across sea to killee Filipino.

Utter, abject terror. This Chinese thought the photographer, Frederick Palmer, was about to kill him





Major Littleton Waller of the United States Marines pausing after his men had battered their way into Tientsin

Siberia. While contingents were being embarked in England, France and Germany, and on our Pacific Coast, the English and French were rushing colonial troops from Hong Kong, India, and Annam, and we dispatched a regiment from the Philippines.

Before we could relieve the legations, if they were still alive, we must take the native city of Tientsin which stood across the pathway of our march. As soon as our regiment, under Colonel Liscum, arrived from the Philippines, it was put in with the Japanese, British, and our Marines, to attack the southern wall of the native city. What a day of ineradicable memory, that, even in this most picturesque of campaigns!

This side of the field of battle was a mud wall, a gate of which gave on a road that led to the south gate of the wall of the native city. Cross that gap in the mud wall quickly and you beat the bullet that was fired at you. Saunter, and someone might have to risk his life to bring you in. On either side were the dead and dying.

A Russian officer was standing beside me when our Regulars and Marines went through the "bloody gate." Through, and you were out of the wings on the battle stage.

"Your men look very gloomy," said the Russian of the days of the Czar when Russian soldiers were the White Father's simple children. "If they were Russians I should say that they were already beaten. We have to keep our men merry and singing."

Before the Spanish War foreigners did not take our soldiers seriously except as a scattered sort of frontier police force which kept the Indians in order. We were seen as

a money-grubbing, unmilitary people, our Navy as pretty white ships which we could afford as a matter of national display. I recall a teasing Englishman saying to me at sight of a small American cruiser in the Mediterranean:

"Look! There is the Yankee Navy. Has it got guns? Yes, I can see it has, some nice little guns."

But our charges up San Juan Hill in the Spanish War changed the foreign view about our Army. European attachés dwelt upon the individual self-reliance, tactical resource, and courage of our soldiers who fought as if they were "tigers out for red meat."

Dewey's victory and the victory at Santiago changed the view about our Navy. By the time of the World War, however, foreigners lapsed into their former scepticism. Again we had to "show 'em."

I knew that that Russian officer—I wonder if he lived to see the Bolshevik revolution—was disillusioned by the sight of Liscum's men. He thought they would soon be returning through the gate in disorder. Our Regular regiments had been depleted of veterans by the casualties in Cuba and the Philippines. They were largely rookies, and under-officered.

"They are grim because they know what they are going into," I told the Russian officer. "They know they've got to have a tooth out, and they propose to have it out—though that is no merry business. They will keep right on going—have no worry."

I recall vividly the picture of white-haired Colonel Liscum, Civil War veteran, at the head of his men before the "bloody gate." He asked directions of the British general as to where he was to go in. "Over the bridge to the right!" And, murmured the Japanese general, "The Americans will have a hot time there."

As they went over the bridge, I saw figures dropping as Liscum led, a gallant figure, head up, the old war horse sniffing the fray. When he was killed, that was another spur for his men in their advance.

As a volunteer I was doing what I could to help the wounded back and trying to see as much as I could of the action. But soon the wounded were safest from the snipers if left where they fell. Liscum's men had kept on in the marsh grass until a canal and swamps barred their advance. There they held during the day under the plunging fire of the Chinese guns and rifles from the high stone wall. Unable to go forward, they refused to go back. Their blue shirts, which they wore in



British soldiers, veterans of the campaigns against Fuzzy Wuzzy which Kipling had made famous, resting by the roadside

the Philippines, were targets while the Marines were in khaki blouses—not olive drab then. Captain Andre Brewster, later Inspector General of the A. E. F., was one of Liscum's captains. Smedley Butler was with the Marines; and Captain Leonard lost his arm.

During the afternoon there were reports that there was no taking that stone wall without heavier artillery; we might have to retreat during the night, acknowledge defeat by the Boxers. But the Japanese dynamited the south gate; and the next morning our flag over the parapet was the signal that the foreign concession of Tienstin would have to endure no more bombardments nor sniping.

If I were to attempt to describe the scene of the foreign troops occupying the native city with its million distracted, milling Chinese I should be making word pictures for a hundred pages. Loot was in order for some of our Allies—loot of silver bullion from merchants' shops and of bolts of silk.

My part was to tell the story—a great story. The capture of the native city was only a part of it. Without flinching, our four hundred Regulars had borne the heaviest percentage of loss of any American regiment since the Civil War and until the World War.

My dispatches had been sent by boat to Chefoo. I was haunted by the fear that they were all piled up in the Chinese telegraph office there. I was sure of an open wire at Shanghai down the coast. If I went to Shanghai would I miss the march to Peking? If not the want of enough troops, I concluded that the differences of the Allies would delay further advance for two or three weeks. Even when the mission was to save the lives of women and children, we had in China all the kinds of disagreements among the Allies that they had later in the World War. The Japanese, Germans, British, and Russians were jealously on guard lest one or the other gain some advantage which would be useful in the division of the spoils among the European Powers in the coming dismemberment of China which the Boxer Rebellion seemed to have assured. America's only interest was to relieve the legations as her only interest in France, later, was to win the war. And China was to fool the Powers. She is not dismembered yet, except that the Japanese have Manchuria. The Boxer Rebellion was the start of the peoples' movement which has gradually been pushing the majestic white man of the past out of China.



Captain Bowman H. McCalla, U. S. N., who led the skirmish line of the Sailors and Marines. Wounded, he refused to go to the rear

I decided to chance Shanghai. At Chefoo, I gathered in a file of ten days' unsent cables, and caught a German steamer to Shanghai. It stopped at the German-occupied Chinese port of Tsingtau for three hours. Perhaps the local land line to Shanghai might be working. There was a light in the Chinese telegraph office. I knocked and knocked in vain on the locked door, and was turning away, when along came a German sergeant.

He pounded the door with a mighty fist, shouted his guttural command, and the Chinese telegrapher obsequiously responded. Yes, he could send a cable direct to the cable office in Shanghai. I counted the gold I had in my belt. It was enough for a thousand words. As I printed my message out in capital letters, he sent it word by word.

The next day, in the cable office at Shanghai, I was told that it had not been received. I dispatched my duplicate; and then came this cable from my editorial chief of the *New York World*, "Thanks for your magnificent beat, but why repeat it?" So the first had got through, after all.

I knew all the world was turning to each fresh edition to learn if the legations were still alive. Loyal Christian Chinese had brought oral messages, or messages concealed in the soles of their shoes, through the Boxer lines, that the legations were still holding out. But there had been no word for a week. Li Hung Chang, the most famous Chinese statesman of his time, was in Shanghai. I got an interview with him in which he said that he knew that the legations were safe two days ago, and he could assure the world that they were (*Continued on page 50*)



The Japanese on the battered Peking wall. Just a few years before they had taken the measure of the Chinese, and now, in 1933, it's become a habit

A PERMANENT Veterans' Policy

By FRANK E. SAMUEL

National Adjutant, The American Legion

THE National Executive Committee of The American Legion at its most important meeting in many years—held at Indianapolis May 4th and 5th—acted energetically to save thousands of disabled service men from becoming victims of cruel provisions embodied in the Economy Act of March 20, 1933.

At the same time, the committee endorsed a revolutionary proposal for the reform of all existing veterans' legislation to be accomplished by the adoption of a new and permanent legislative program of The American Legion. The keynote of the governmental policy contemplated by the proposal would be equal treatment for the veterans of all wars and their dependents. The declaration on this subject was referred for decision by the committee to the next national convention to be held in Chicago October 2d to 5th.

Condemnation of the unjust features of the Economy Act and the outline of the proposed permanent veterans' policy were contained in the report of the special American Legion Committee on Veterans' Legislation which has been at work since the Portland national convention. The National Executive Committee approved this report unanimously and thereby provided a series of battle orders for all national officers and the Legion's National Legislative Committee and National Rehabilitation Committee at Washington.

The report followed closely recommendations made by National Commander Louis Johnson in an address he made at the opening of the sessions of the National Executive Committee. In his address, the National Commander described the difficulties under which The American Legion has worked since the enactment of the Economy Act. He explained in detail the efforts of himself and the Legion's national committees in Washington to prevent unjust provisions from being embodied in the regulations under the new law and the unremitting efforts made to obtain revision of the provisions which were set up in spite of the Legion's protests. He declared his belief that most of these provisions had been incorporated in the law and regulations without the knowledge or understanding of President Roosevelt and laid the responsibility for them upon Lewis W. Douglas, Director of the Budget, and Mr. Douglas's advisers. The National Executive Committee manifested its full support of all National Commander Johnson had done by adopting the report of the special committee which declared specifically:

"We commend the National Commander for his efforts at all times to prevent the adoption of regulations which we believe have created grave injustices."

"When President Roosevelt demanded as the first step of his economy program drastic cuts in benefits to veterans I issued a statement in which I expressed full faith in the discretion, fairness and justice with which the President would deal with the problem," National Commander Johnson said in his address. "I called upon every post in the Legion to stand squarely by the President in his efforts to lead the country out of the depression which threatens our very existence as a nation. I have not, nor

do I now, retract a single word of that call to patriotic duty.

"Nevertheless, I should be nothing short of a hypocrite if I did not tell you, and the country, that those to whom the President has entrusted the administration of the new veterans' regulations have gone far beyond what his spokesmen in Congress promised would be the extreme limit of the burden to impose upon the veterans as their contribution, great as it was to be, toward the reconstruction of our country. They have buried the economy knife so deeply and so ruthlessly into the breast of helpless, disabled men, that it would be a dis-service to the country longer to remain silent."

Recalling that the Legion had been promised an opportunity to take part in conferences before the regulations of the new law were drawn, Mr. Johnson declared that Director of the Budget Douglas did not give the Legion access to the regulations until they had been substantially completed and that most of them were put into effect as they were originally prepared. These regulations, Mr. Johnson said, are certain to produce grave injustice to those men who above all others deserve generous treatment—the battle casualties.

Commander Johnson related how he had called these injustices to the attention of President Roosevelt at a conference in the White House on April 12th, at which he stressed the fact that while it had been announced that service-connected cases would be cut no more than twenty percent, the actual cuts were more than thirty percent. As examples, Mr. Johnson cited to the committee the case of a veteran with an amputated lower leg, formerly receiving \$60, cut to \$40; the case of a man with an amputated forearm, cut from his former payment of \$95 a month to \$60.

**Equal Treatment for the Veterans of All Wars
Is the Keystone of a Four-Fold Permanent
Policy on Veterans' Legislation Approved
by the National Executive Committee for
Submission to the Fifteenth National Con-
vention to Be Held at Chicago in October**

These, he declared, give "some idea of the wanton recklessness with which Mr. Douglas and his advisers from the present Veterans Administration are extending the new law beyond all reasonable and humane bounds."

"The numbers of deserving men who will be stricken entirely from the rolls will be appalling unless the present administrative program is drastically softened," Commander Johnson continued, and then cited cases of men previously given service connection who are denied it under the new regulations. At the Legion's



The Obelisk and Fountain are features of the War Memorial Plaza at Indianapolis along with the Legion's National Headquarters building

request, the President had postponed the program of closing all regional offices of the Veterans Administration, so that a vast majority of beneficiaries would at least have an opportunity to plead their own cases before being stricken from the rolls.

"To date, however," Mr. Johnson added, "there have been no changes in the cruel reductions for battle casualties. Neither has there been any reconsideration of the stern regulation limiting hospital and domiciliary care in non-service-connected cases to those who are permanently disabled. I say to you, to the country and to the President that these requests are just and reasonable, and it is high time some action be taken to call a halt to the frenzied application of the economy knife to battle-scarred veterans, and those who are dangerously ill and have no means to pay for the medical attention that in thousands of cases means life or death. I do not believe that the President, burdened as he is with other momentous problems, realizes the gravity of the situation

or the extent to which his administrators are stretching his instructions."

National Commander Johnson, in closing his address, sounded a keynote for a future permanent veterans' policy. He said:

"While we did not inspire or even approve of some of the former veterans' laws which made possible this condition, laws which no one can defend, it is not enough that we disclaim responsibility for their enactment. We must accept a further responsibility. We must recognize and guard against legislation of such character as is certain to bring disaster upon veterans, and take a strong stand to the end that this whole problem will be avoided in the future. Has not the time arrived when The American Legion must propose to the country a policy for its treatment of the veterans of all wars on a basis of justice and equality for all, for the veteran, the country and the public that must pay the cost? It will profit us nothing if we permit (Continued on page 50)



MARINE—

By

Major General Ben H. Fuller

Commandant, United States Marine Corps

OFTEN in my travels about the United States I am met with the query, "What is a Marine?" Sometimes this question takes the form, "Why is a Marine?" There is an answer to both these questions which every American ought to know. It should be burned into the understanding of every man interested in the defense of our homeland and our American standard of living.

The United States Marine as he stands today is a soldier. He may be an infantryman, an artilleryman, an aviator or a signal expert similar to those in other branches of the military establishment. But he is something more than this, and that is what it is important to remember. He is the answer evolved through a period of years by the United States Naval Service to certain definite and vital needs in the scheme of our country's defense. Other countries have Marines but none of them are like our Marines. Our Marine Corps has evolved to meet our special requirements. It is as distinctively American as the gold dollar or the mass production of machinery. Without the Marine Corps, all of our Naval plans for the defense of American shores would fall to the ground.

The Army is organized primarily to combat an enemy after he has landed in our country. Our professional, peace-time Army is necessarily small. Our country has never been willing to submit itself to a system of conscription of our young men during peacetime. We are wedded to the volunteer system of military service, and it does not seem probable that the temper of our people will change, at least during the present generation. Thus it is not possible for us to maintain a great standing Army of skilled soldiers.

Because of the limitations imposed by these facts we cannot count on being able to assemble at an instant's notice an army of a

half million or more men such as would be necessary for us to offer effective resistance to a great military power on our own soil or to launch a blow of paralyzing force against the homeland of a possible enemy. During the World War more than a year elapsed from the declaration of hostilities before the United States could put a formidable force into the field. It is improbable that this time for preparation could be much shortened in any future emergency. Therefore, the first essence of our defensive strategy is that the United States Army must have time to prepare.

This is where the Navy and Marine Corps fit into the picture. We are blessed by nature with a situation, almost insular in its possibility of defense. Our land neighbors are friendly nations of little military strength. East and west of us, separating us from the strong, militaristic nations of the world, are great oceans. As long as we have the wisdom to maintain our naval bulwark at an adequate strength no foe can ever set foot on our homeland.

Navies are constructed to fight at sea but no fleet can remain away from land indefinitely nor can it travel very far without suffering a vital loss of efficiency. Fleets must have bases reasonably near at hand from which to operate. These bases must be manned by soldiers who know the naval service and its requirements as well as the sailors themselves. They must be a part of the Navy, subject to the command of the highest naval officer present without any possibility of argument or jealousy. Otherwise there can be no successful operation. The histories of many nations are full of records of the failures of campaigns due to divided commands and rivalries between officers of different branches of the service. United States Marines being part of the Naval Service, it is impossible that such jealousies and inefficiencies can arise in the case of operations conducted by the Navy through their agency.

When a fleet puts to sea for a decisive operation in war it is likely to have for its objective an attack on the enemy's home territory. It is slow and difficult work to endeavor to win a war by a blockade or by the destruction of the enemy's commerce. To strike a quick, decisive blow in any war the country having command of the sea must launch a stroke at some vital part of the enemy's land territory. Ships cannot capture and hold land fortifications. Ships cannot use their crews for landing purposes



a FIGHTING *word*

and still be effective as fighting ships. Fire from ships' guns can do much to reduce such defenses to impotency, but the actual capture must be made by a landing force. Anyone familiar with military-naval problems knows that the success of seizure of an advance base for the Navy is an operation of great delicacy, requiring not only special training but complete teamwork. One of the essentials of success of such an operation is unity of command. History is replete with the failure of landing operations where the command has been divided. The Marine Corps fulfills these requirements, for not only is it specially trained to the accomplishment of this mission, but being a part of the naval establishment places it under the admiral of the fleet. They must know what the fleet can do to help them and how best they can take advantage of its aid. They must be acquainted with the necessities of naval war and they should also be on a footing of personal acquaintance with the officers commanding the fleet so that they may have a mutual understanding of the other and know what may be expected in any situation which may arise.

This function of co-operating with the fleets of the American

Navy is the primary business of the United States Marine Corps. It is the training and preparation to fulfill this mission which makes the Marine Corps different from any other body in the military establishments of the world.

From his first hour in the service, the Marine, whether officer or enlisted man, is indoctrinated with an understanding of the details which enable him to function efficiently as a land soldier in the service of the fleet. Normally, every Marine spends a part of his time on shipboard. He becomes acquainted with the guns and machinery of the ship. He gets to know the bluejackets and their officers.

Marine officers go to the Schools of Naval Tactics and Strategy. Their association with the Navy is always intimate. The Marine learns to be at home aboard the battleship in time of peace. He acts as a policeman and mans some guns of the ship's battery. This is a useful function but it is not his primary job. The real reason for his being on shipboard is that he may learn about the Navy and understand its customs, so that he can co-operate efficiently should need ever arise.

One of the attributes of the naval service is that it must be perpetually ready for instant action. In modern war, aggressive nations may be expected to strike immediately on the declaration of hostilities. Recent history shows that at times such nations have

been known to strike first and declare war afterwards. Ours is a peaceful country and we have great confidence that none of our neighbors will ever harbor hostile intentions toward us. But at the same time our naval service must (Continued on page 53)



The Fourth Regiment, U. S. M. C., protecting American interests in Shanghai during the Japanese-Chinese strafing. At top of page, "The Marines have landed," this time merely in maneuvers in the West Indies

WHY AND HOW MR. COCREHAM OF LOUISIANA
MADE HIS FIRST AIRPLANE FLIGHT AT

3 MILES A MINUTE



A CROW flying in his traditional straight line between New Orleans and Indianapolis would cover 862 miles. When Roland Cocreham, Adjutant of the Louisiana Department of The American Legion, climbed in an American Airways plane at New Orleans on Sunday, April 30th, he wouldn't have bet anybody that he would get to Indianapolis as the crow flies. Tornadoes had been making a playground of Louisiana and Mississippi, and a 40-mile gale out of the west was blowing across Tennessee, Kentucky and Indiana. Yet Mr. Cocreham was more than anxious to reach Indianapolis before sunset, for he was carrying with him Louisiana's 529 American Legion membership cards. He wanted to be sure these cards would be added to the fifty thousand other 1933 membership cards which were being transported to Indianapolis by airplane from every section of the country in the first American Legion national aerial membership roundup.

Mr. Cocreham wasn't a veteran of the air. On the contrary, the American Airways plane on which he embarked at New Orleans on that Sunday was carrying him on his first flight. He was duly enthusiastic when his air liner circled down to the landing field of the airport in Louisville where he had been told another plane would be waiting to carry him to Indianapolis.

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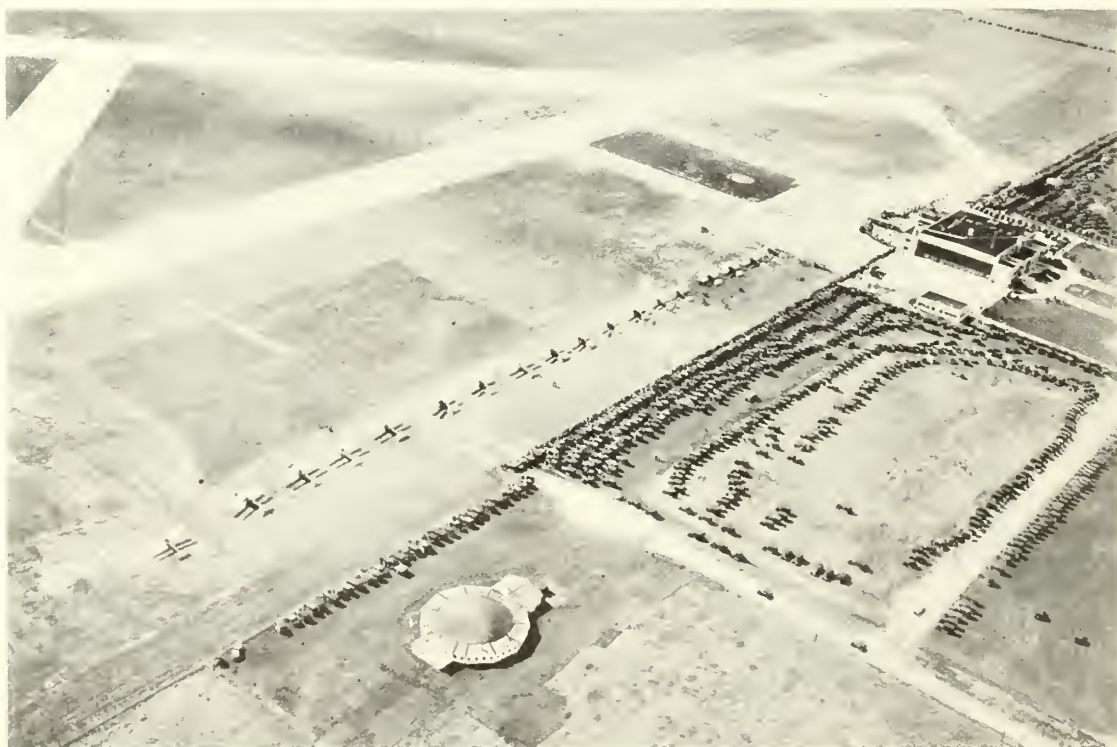
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Syracuse Singers

SYRACUSE (New York) Post's Glee Club, with its forty voices, its distinctive uniform, its record as the official glee club of the New York Department for two years, its repertoire of grand opera and latest popular songs, is anxious to meet the rest of the Legion. It expects to do it at Chicago, writes Chester D. Fuller, Past Department Vice Commander, who thinks that his outfit's activities rate an introduction.

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WHY AND HOW MR. COCREHAM OF LOUISIANA
MADE HIS FIRST AIRPLANE FLIGHT AT

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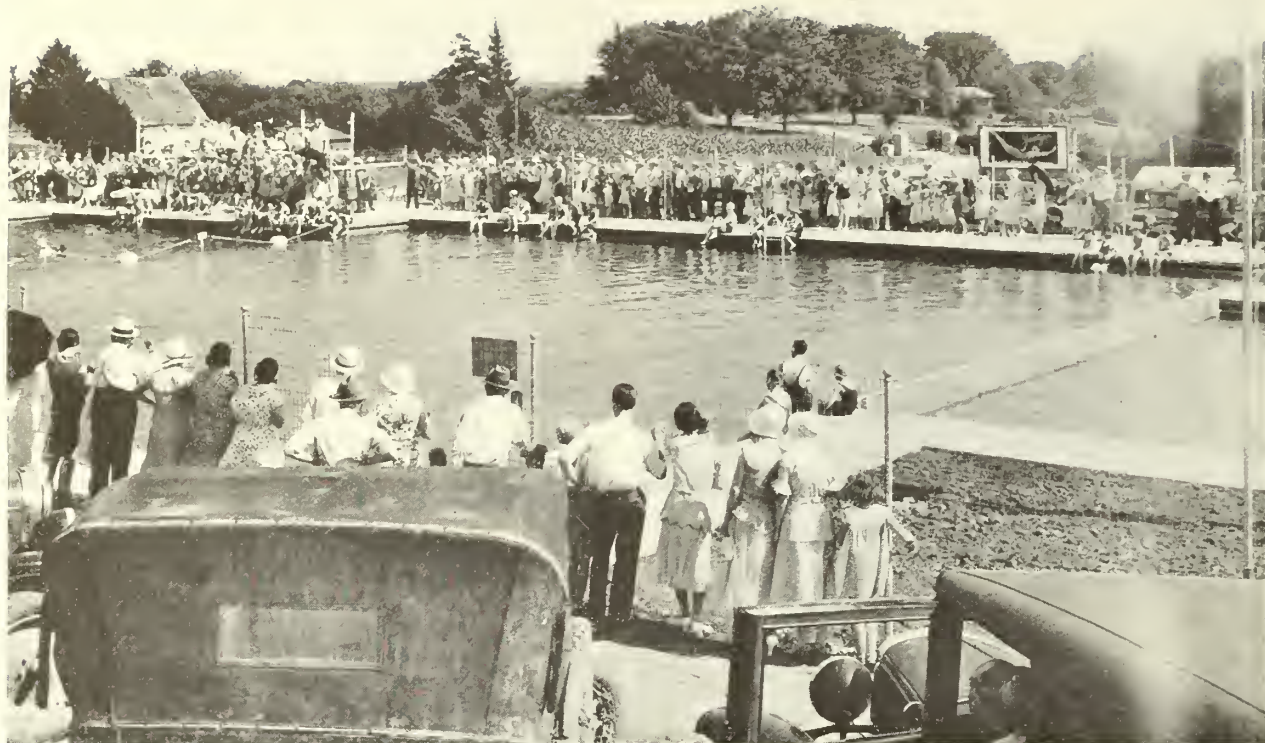
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The American Legion post of Winterset, Iowa, provided its town with this up-to-date descendant of the old swimming hole. The post promoted, financed and constructed the pool

affiliated with the Adirondack Section of the Associated Glee Clubs of America and it competed on equal standing with the many older and more experienced singing clubs of Vermont, upper New York State and Canada at the association's conclave held in Plattsburg. National Commander Johnson, who heard us in January during his visit here, invited us to attend the Chicago convention. We hope to see you all."

The Dream That Came True

THE dream of every Legion post which makes its cramped home in a rented hall came true for Paris (Illinois) Post when two years ago it was presented with a ten-room colonial mansion valued at \$40,000. If you happen to be traveling through Illinois on the Ocean-to-Ocean Highway, you'll find Paris Post's new clubhouse a half mile north of Paris. You'll know it by its large white pillars and the Legion emblem above the threshold. The house, reports Post Adjutant Elbert Bogart, is known as the Susan Sheets Memorial Home of Paris Post, so named in honor of its donor, who deeded it and twenty-six acres of surrounding woodland to the post a few days before her death. Adjoining the house the post has established a playground for younger children and Boy Scouts. A golf course is in the making.

Welcome Visitors

THE Legionnaires and Auxiliaries of Paoli, Indiana, and their friends are waiting to welcome again to Paoli thirty or more guests of other summers who are endeared to them by happy memories. Soon, on one of these summer days, a procession of automobiles will wind over Indiana's hills bringing bright-faced boys and girls from the Soldiers and Sailors Children's Home at Knightstown to homes of Paoli, and for weeks thereafter the town, located in a garden section of Indiana close to the State's two famous resorts of

West Baden and French Lick, will delight in making their visitors comfortable. Some of the children will stay a single week, others will remain several weeks and a few will be Paoli's guests for the rest of the summer.

Nothing else done by the Auxiliary Unit of Clarence A. Keith Post gives it more pleasure than the vacations it provides for the children from Knightstown, according to Mrs. Irene Dillard, Unit President. What it does is a part of the program of the Auxiliary throughout Indiana.

"Many children return to the same homes each year," writes Mrs. Dillard. "Each year we give a lawn party for all of them. A local theater admits them free during their visits. But best of all is the entertainment which each home gives its own visitor—the chance for simple enjoyment in a little family circle. The children reflect the splendid care and education given them in the Knightstown home, which ever since the war has held the interest and support of the Auxiliary. Auxiliary districts have furnished rugs, lamps, tables, books, pictures and other gifts to make the cottages and recreation halls at Knightstown homelike."

Pennies for Health

IF YOU go into almost any drug store, cigar shop, candy store or grocery in Pittsburg, California, you'll find on a counter a regulation quart milk bottle with a non-regulation label. The label bears the emblem of The American Legion and an appeal to "give a penny" to the Pittsburg School Milk Fund. The bottle is a sign of the times.

Nine years ago David A. Solair Post volunteered to supply milk to under-nourished school children whose parents were unable to pay for it. For many years the post supplied bottled milk and crackers to from twenty-five to thirty-five pupils, but this year the number of children requiring free milk increased to 66.

In other years the post had obtained the money it needed for its milk fund by giving



How future Olympic champs are made in the annual Fourth of July athletic meet of Maplewood (New Jersey) Post. In addition to supervising sports for children, the post conducts a gymnasium class for grownups

shows and other entertainments. This year heavy demands for funds for other purposes made necessary a new source of revenue for the milk fund. The post prepared its labeled bottles and distributed them. The bottles yielded \$38.07 in the first two months of service. A local dairy supplies the milk at cost.

The Legion in China

BACK from China comes W. A. Collier with news of recent doings of Edward Sigerfoos Post of Tientsin, of which he is a Past Commander. Tientsin has been a hot sector since the Japanese and Chinese started shaking up a new war several years ago, and its streets have been bright with the uniforms of almost all the nations which fought in France during the World War. Mr. Collier sends a photograph taken at the March meeting of Sigerfoos Post. It shows more than a hundred men in civilian clothes—not only the post's own members but also the foreign diplomatic representatives and military commanders stationed in Tientsin. Present, chronicles Mr. Collier, were British, French, Belgians, Italians, White Russians, Germans, Austrians, and, important to relate, both Japanese and Chinese. It required some maneuvering to bring the Japanese and Chinese together. The good fellowship meeting was one of many contributions by the post to the cause of international friendship.

Active in the post are many members of the Fifteenth United States Infantry who are on the



spot in the world's present danger area. The post makes monthly contributions to the foreign hospitals in Tientsin. It has provided the only American cemetery in North China. It helps support an American school and maintains an auxiliary marksmanship unit for the infantry regiment as an emergency company.

A Town in Training

IF YOU want to understand nature's rôle as a tragic jester, look over a Boy Scout troop some day and then contrast it with men who are hurdling into the forties. About the age of forty, nature in the rôle of architect begins to do strange things. She transforms the previously lithe young man into a fine speci-

men of the overstuffed homo sapiens. Once a Chippendale, a Duncan Phyfe or some other delicate bit of human furniture, he becomes rotund and bulbous. As his abdominal upholstery increases, his equatorial line expands; his thirty-six waistline gets to be a forty-two. Meanwhile, he may have symptoms which he diagnoses as due to carburetor trouble. About this time he begins to play golf for more than amusement. If he lives in Maplewood, New Jersey, he joins the gymnasium class of Maplewood Post of The American Legion.

For six years Maplewood Post has enabled its own members and other citizens to fight a winning battle against nature's changes. Every Monday night bankers, brokers, doctors and other men of the town, which is a commuting suburb of New York City, get together in the high school gymnasium to keep down weight and waistlines.

"When we began back in 1927," writes Legionnaire J. D. Clark, "we had a strenuous program of indoor baseball without any planned supervision. In 1928, however, we engaged to direct our activities Thomas Higbie, the physical director of Columbia High School. The program we started then is still followed. On each meeting night early arrivals limber up with indoor baseball until Director Higbie gives word to fall in. Then follows about three-quarters of an hour of strenuous calisthenics. After that, an hour or more of volley ball and basketball. The \$10 fee collected from each member goes to pay the instructor and the Board of Education for the use of the school facilities. We have had as many as seventy-five men in (Continued on page 63)

WHO SAID PAPER-WORK?

Charging the Mountains of Service Records and
Pay-Rolls, the Pen and Typewriter Brigade Fought On

WHILE the question was propounded in a letter to the Company Clerk and while he could truthfully answer yes to it, he feels that William M. Gomel of 7016 Glenloch Street, Philadelphia, was really speaking to the Then and Now Gang at large, so the query is being passed on. Here it is:

"In your war experience have you ever heard the term 'Personnel Detachment'?"

Legionnaire Gomel sent along the picture of his outfit's work-shop, which is shown alongside, and this story:

"As a member of William D. Oxley Post, I have been a regular reader of your department, always with the hope that some day I might read of someone who served in a Personnel Detachment. When I stopped to consider that I had no war experiences to relate, no one ever took a shot at me, no bombs dropped near me, I was never on a torpedoed ship, it made me wonder if I had actually been in the Army or in the Boy Scouts, and so hesitated to write. But an honorable discharge must substantiate service, so to satisfy my curiosity, I'd like to ascertain if any other vets endured personnel work. My opinion is we won't get even a nibble.

"My own record shows no hits, no runs, no errors. From private in 1918 at Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia, to private in 1919 at the same camp. No battles, no skirmishes, no wounds—no nothing! The same old routine each day, but the life of Riley compared to that of the men who saw service in action.

"The Personnel Detachment to which I belonged was organized at Fort Oglethorpe after the Armistice to demobilize troops. We were in various sections of the camp until February, 1919, when we located in the Camp Forrest section. And it was there I almost heard a gun fired!

"We felt we were privileged characters and didn't bother to douse lights when Taps blew and if there was a hot poker game on, it usually lasted until one or two A. M. The night in question there was a hot game. Taps sounded, but the game continued.



Soon, a voice from the outside: 'Hey! Put out those lights!' The answer: 'Go to Hell!' The door opened and in walked a guard of the 46th Infantry with a rifle on his shoulder. He pulled the switch. The barracks in darkness until he went out on his rounds. The game resumed. He soon returned. Corporal Bittner told him we had Captain Boyles's permission to keep the lights on. That explanation didn't carry much weight and the lights were again put out by the guard.

"Just as he was starting out the barracks door, someone called to 'Gully Mike' Dolan, 'Put the lights on, Mike.' The guard stopped and yelled, 'I'll shoot the first — — who does,' and we heard him pull back the bolt of his rifle and shove it home. Well, the lights stayed out and we missed our one and only chance of hearing a rifle fired!

"The snapshot shows our Personnel Office, as it looked in February, 1919, at Oglethorpe. Many of the Northerners were

A blizzard during the winter of 1918 gave this aspect to the Personnel Office at Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia. Who said the Sunny South?

surprised when that blizzard visited us 'way down south in Georgia."

HOW many of the gobs in our audience remember a picture we used in this department last October, showing a group of gobs doing a little home-laundry work at the Mare Island Naval Training Station during the war? We accepted the picture in good faith from an ex-gob, but even this ex-doughboy suspected the authenticity of it because while a half-dozen of





Garbed in "mattress covers and clothes stops," some of the crew of the U. S. S. *Oklahoma* observe the scrub-and-wash-clothes hour on the deck of their ship

the clothes-washers were barefooted and in underwear, there were three of them in blue dress uniforms. It looked as if the picture had been posed, but we took the chance of running it anyway.

Only two letters of protest came to us—one from R. C. Kerlaoneyo of Sacramento, California, in which he said in part: "I do know that the picture was taken at the Goat Island Training Station before America declared war on Germany, by the official station photographer. I have one of these pictures that I purchased from him in June, 1917." Frank T. Mayo of Elbert S. Waid Post of Colon, R. P., who receives his mail at Box 3038, Cristobal, Canal Zone, was more generous and sent us the picture we reproduce of a real wash-day in the Navy—probably to take the bad taste away from the gobs who didn't like the other picture. Mayo also went on record with this:

"Ordinarily I hesitate before busting into print, but I have enough courage to take my typewriter in hand and tell you how much I enjoyed the picture of wash-day at Mare Island displayed in the October Monthly.

"No doubt the fact that the picture was posed is the reason why some of these sailors are shown scrubbing clothes while dolled up in their dress blues, neckerchiefs and all. This picture might give the Army a wrong impression of the Navy, so for the benefit of you and other land-lubber doughboys (and sailors, too!), I am enclosing a snapshot which was taken on board the U. S. S. *Oklahoma* at the time she was 'Queen of the Seas' in 1920.

"It can readily be seen that this is an actual view of the boys enjoying their beloved scrub-and-wash-clothes hour, although I cannot for the life of me see how the lone figure in blue trousers escaped the eagle eye of the boatswain's mate—the uniform of the

day apparently being 'mattress covers and clothes stops.' However, it may be that he was a yeoman, which is always a good excuse. (Yes, yeomen scrubbed their own clothes—at least I always had to scrub mine.)

"You will see from this picture that even in those days buckets were in style, although they were ship's property and chargeable to the different Divisions. In case anyone challenges the above assertion re the *Oklahoma*, you may refer them to Admiral (then Captain) Noble E. Irwin, Commandant of the 15th Naval District, Balboa, C. Z., or to Harold (Dizzy) Jordan who was then, and I believe still is, Chief Jimmy-legs on that good vessel."



One of the electric eyes that scanned the skies for enemy planes. A 60-inch searchlight of the 56th Engineers

NOT a claim of a "first" outfit this time, but one of an "only one of its kind serving in France" is advanced by Curt Hanni of 254 Elgin Avenue, Toledo, Ohio, Chaplain of Kern Post in his city. The reason we question the "only" is because announcements of a reunion of veterans of the 56th and 603d Engineers (Searchlight) to be held in Chicago next fall in conjunction with the Legion national convention have been appearing in the Outfit Notices column of this department. Notwithstanding the evident slip, we thank Hanni for the picture he sent and for this account:

"Enclosed is a snapshot of a G. E.-Sperry Searchlight which was used by the 56th Searchlight Engineers, an outfit which has not been mentioned in your columns, and one that played an important part in the protection of valuable property and lives in France. I



hope you can tell about our outfit as I know it was the only one of its kind serving in France.

"A few of our companies served on the front working with the anti-aircraft guns and trying to bring down bombing planes. We were always welcomed by the French people and were treated much better, we thought, than other troops as the natives felt we were protecting them from air raids.

"The lamp in the picture is sixty inches in diameter and would throw a beam of light approximately twelve miles. It proved impracticable for work at the front and was used only in defensive

the snapshot enclosed and the menu of a farewell dinner held in Antwerp, Belgium, on August 9, 1919, by Service Park Unit No. 366, which assisted in the operation of the headquarters motor fleet for Base Section No. 9. Perhaps some of the old gang would be interested.

"Having gone across with Company A, 335th Battalion, Tank Corps, in the fall of 1918, I attended a tank school near Langres and was billeted in Noidant-le-Chatenois, when the Armistice was signed. Along with many others of the Tank Corps, I was transferred to the Motor Transport Corps and ordered to



Ex-occupiers of Germany will have to guess again. This is not an excursion party on the Rhine but on the Scheldt River whose mouth is at Antwerp, Belgium. Men of Base Section No. 9 and Y girls comprised the group. Who are they?

sectors. It required about four or five hours to assemble. A smaller lamp, thirty-six inches in diameter, was used on the front as it was kept intact, mounted on four rubber-tired wheels and transported on a small roadster.

"We also experimented with a large parabolic listening device which proved to be too bulky for effective work. Shaped like a saucer, the base reflected sound waves to the center and thence through horns or trumpets. Readings were plotted to ascertain the general direction and speed of planes and this information telephoned to the searchlight and anti-aircraft crews so that when the plane's position was determined, the searchlight would expose the beam and the anti-aircraft guns would fire a barrage."

VETERANS of the Army of Occupation who hadn't started the trek for home by April, 1919, will recall the rumors floating about that instead of returning to a French port for embarkation, their outfits would sail down the Rhine and ship at Antwerp, Belgium, for home.

When the A. E. F. was rapidly dissolving through shipment of troops to the States, the S. O. S. was similarly being closed up. About the first of May, a new Base Section, No. 9, was established at Antwerp and this became the S. O. S. for the Third Army, or Army of Occupation, in the Rhineland, and served the same function for the American Forces in Germany, which supplanted the Third Army when the latter ceased to exist during the late summer of 1919.

Legionnaire Winslow Dwight of 1 Webster Street, North Quincy, Massachusetts, who reports that he was stationed at the Antwerp Base, sends us the picture of the excursion party, which we show, and tells this sad story of the tough time he spent in that Belgian port:

"When going through my war archives recently, I came across

Base Section No. 4 at LeHavre on December 24, 1918. On May 16, 1919, Service Park Unit No. 366, my outfit, was sent with Motorcycle Company No. 305, Motor Transport Company No. 480 and Company A, 310th Supply Train, to Antwerp where we were given operation of the headquarters garage, Motor Repair Park and Base Supply Depot of the newly-organized Base Section No. 9.

"Here, life was real! We had no calls to answer, each man had his job, either driving cars or trucks, or doing repair work. I managed to become Supply Clerk and many were the orders for tires, lamps, parts and repair work that I filled. We were quartered out near the docks in a huge stone building erected by the Germans as a hospital when they occupied Antwerp. We had a sub-base in Rotterdam, Holland, which was often visited. Likewise, when in need of supplies we would have to go to Coblenz, a trip also frequently made.

"The snapshot shows a group of us—I cannot recall the names—that hired a tug on June 15, 1919, for an all-day ride to Termonde up the Scheldt River. 'Y' girls were along to serve the cats and it proved a very interesting trip. Termonde was one of the first cities to be entered by the Germans on the last part of their progress through Belgium. Being refused money, they blew up the city and wrought havoc.

"Antwerp was a beautiful city to be stationed in and with the different organizations like the Y. M. C. A., K. of C. and J. W. B., we were never without entertainment. But all good things come to an end and on September 3, 1919, we were all ordered to Brest, returning to the States on October 1st.

"I often wonder if any of the crowd who saw service in Antwerp realize that they were sitting pretty, (Continued on page 61)



I Want to be A REGULAR CITIZEN

by
Dan Edwards

SINCE the World War and the inception of The American Legion it has seemed the better part of judgment for us men who were shot up badly to stand by and let the Legion fight in our behalf. The Legion has proved to my entire satisfaction that it could carry on our fight much better than we could. So I propose that we who were wounded and crippled refrain from starting any fights in our own behalf. However, it is well to consider our reactions to our own problems from time to time. Therefore I want to make a suggestion which if adopted would save the Government money, would absolutely discharge the obligation to my type of case, and would not offend the most sensitive taxpayer.

I have checked up on what the Government has paid me, as a total permanent disability, since the war. I have been paid \$19,880, at the rate of \$125 monthly. Under the new regulations which were to become effective July 1st (though they may be modified by the time this appears in print) I will get \$60 monthly. If I live as long as the life insurance tables of expectancy say I will I'll pass in final review at the end of three hundred and forty-eight months. Or after having received \$20,880 more from the Government. I really expect to live much longer—I'll take all the years I can get beyond seventy-two. Put the two figures together and we find that my compensation alone will have cost the Government \$40,760. A small-sized fortune which can be used only in small dribs.

The reaction I get from the average taxpayer is that he is certainly not in favor of further reductions in our pay. Nor does he want to see the present cut made. But I'm not going to concern myself with the justice of a cut in pay. I'm going to let the Legion continue to say what is just for me. At this time I want to say that, in this article, I'm only interested in those men who were the hardest hit in action. Nor does this mean I am against all other classes of disability.

In Canada after the war a man in my condition who was wounded in action was permitted to sell all, or a portion, of his claim to his government for cash, providing the man was in such health as to convince the government he was going to live a normal span of years. The Canadian government paid as high as \$5,000 for some of these claims.

My old friend Robert Hamlin was one of the boys who sold their claims in 1919. He put about one-third of his five thousand dollars into a filling station and garage in Westmount, Montreal. He hired a mechanic to do the work. With the remainder of his five he purchased, or rather made a sizeable down payment on a home. Bob now has four filling stations and a better and more expensive home, a big car and some riding animals. Hamlin lost an arm and a leg. He admits that had he not cashed his claim he would have

DAN EDWARDS, battle casualty, veteran of the First Division, holder of America's supreme award for gallantry in action, the Congressional Medal of Honor, has his own idea of how the problem of the disabled veteran should be handled. His personal views on the situation gain in authority from the fact that he was also for some three years an official of the United States Veterans Bureau. His account of his vivid career, "This Side of Hell," written in collaboration with Lowell Thomas, was published last year

received more than \$20,000 since the war in monthly payments. In selling his claim, however, he feels he benefited both his government and himself. Bob says his home is worth more than twenty thousand and his business three times as much more. He paid taxes on an income of more than \$45,000 last year.

Bob's case is not typical by any means. Some of the men have not done one-tenth as well—many failed. I mention Bob's case because I know he is disabled in the same degree as myself and has about the same education, tastes and ability to make a go of things.

Bob told me he knew a man who refused to sell his claim. He still draws his monthly payments, pays \$25 monthly rental for a home for himself and family and puts up a desperate struggle to live on the remainder of his pay. Bob and I were in college together and he visits me frequently. He says about ninety percent of the boys

(Continued on page 56)



THE VOICE *of the* LEGION

Country-Wide Comment by Legionnaires on Matters Affecting the Progress and Program of the Organization

A NEW Legion has been born. While it is still The American Legion, it is also an Awakened Legion. The rapidity with which the drastic regulations resulting from the Economy Bill have been assimilated by Legionnaires the country over has been astounding.

Legion speakers within the State, and without, have informed themselves even better than the proponents of the Economy Bill and have been able to present an active offensive in our campaign for the amending of these drastic regulations. No greater proof of this statement need be cited than the editorial which appeared in the Kansas City *Star* under date of May 8th.

The Kansas City *Star*, it must be remembered, has only recently been awarded the Pulitzer Prize for 1932 for having presented the best series of editorials. It is significant that these editorials dealt with government economy and many of the keenest shafts contained therein were directed at veterans' expenditures. However, since the enactment of the Economy Bill and the issuing of the regulations subsequent thereto, the *Star* evidently has had a change of heart. After commending The American Legion and other veterans' organizations for the loyal manner in which we received the drastic blow and after commending us upon using persuasion rather than agitation to gain the support of the public, the *Star* comments in part as follows:

"Frankly the Administration is open to criticism for the somewhat ruthless manner in which reductions in veterans' relief were ordered. They have gone much further than anyone had ever advocated. There is no quarrel over the wiping out of non-service connected compensation or free hospitalization of veterans suffering from injury or ailments that had nothing whatever to do with their army service. That was expected and necessary. *But no one advocated the sharp decreases made in compensation to the veterans who actually suffered disablement in the face of the enemy in the World War. Nor is there approval of the reductions in pensions to widows and orphans of those who lost their lives in the Nation's service. Not one cent should have been taken from these classes of dependents. It is not the desire of the people of the United States to be niggardly with those who have sacrificed so much.*"

After realizing the great part that this great publication had in forming public sentiment in the enactment of the Economy Bill and more particularly in creating the public sentiment in Kansas, the above comment is indeed interesting. We feel that we are not taking too much for granted when we say that the Legion's intensive campaign in this State has done much to bring about this change of sentiment.—*Department Adjutant Ernest Ryan in Kansas Legion Bulletin.*

"JUSTICE"

THE Justice Committee of The American Veterans Association of New York City, Chattanooga and other places, writes to reproach us for our editorial "Bonus Loans Are Put to Work." These are the lads who say they paid *Collier's* \$5200, all borrowed on their adjusted service certificates, for a full page advertisement begging Congress to slash veteran benefits.

The assistant secretary and treasurer offers: "Should you desire any more information on the Justice Committee of the American Veterans Association, we shall be glad to furnish it."

All right, we would like a little more information.

Please tell us, Mr. Secretary, etc., etc., if your Committee and Association are pretty well satisfied with that part of your campaign that assisted in cutting the compensation of thousands of seriously disabled bona fide war casualties almost squarely in two, and throws a lot of widows and orphans on public charity just as soon as the Veterans Administration gets around to cutting out their small allowances?

Never mind the non-service benefits that are stopped. Just tell us if the war casualties have been slashed deeply enough to satisfy you.—*Oregon Legionnaire.*

MERELY SHIFTING THE BURDEN

THE AMERICAN LEGION is now offered an opportunity to fight for one of the noblest concepts of the human heart—justice. Since the organization of The American Legion, legislation has been advocated which would be beneficial to the disabled. In some cases the proposals of the Legion have been battered about until the legislation passed could not by any stretch of the imagination be regarded as having the appearance of the original resolution introduced. The bill which included disability allowances is a sample of legislation passed beneficial to the veterans but also a measure which was passed for political expediency. The American Legion did not advocate the passage of this bill. The National Economy League centered its attack upon this legislation . . .

The new table of ratings will be a surprise to many veterans in Rhode Island and the surprise will not be any too pleasant. As this paper goes to press, every service-connected case, with one exception, has suffered a slash. In many cases the cut is fifty to sixty percent . . . By no stretch of the imagination can the cuts be called reasonable. It means that thousands of veterans will be forced into the pauper class and will be forced to place themselves at the disposal of city and state welfare agencies for aid. The savings to the Government must therefore be discounted by the drain upon the resources of cities, towns and States.—*Legion Ginger, Rhode Island.*

THANK GOD FOR AMERICA

THE Legion editor of a neighboring State quaintly referred to a bank crash in which he had lost. He said that it was tough but not as tough as lying in the mud in the fields of Belgium and living off of raw turnips for a couple of weeks. A Legionnaire Marine who had fought at Belleau Wood dropped in. Times are tough but after what went on over there how insignificant the troubles of everyday life are, he said. Those who really know conditions of the rest of the world say: Thank God for America. Closing their eyes they see Naples lousy with beggars. The heart-breaking cries of men without work at Southampton

come before their eyes. They recall the children begging in the streets in Dublin. Frozen plains of Russia where the temperature in the home is kept to below thirty degrees by Soviet order and elevators run up but you walk down, float before the eyes. Rights of royalty, oppression, censorship of news, everlasting poverty, and a thousand ills are common heritage in many countries.

We meet the pessimist daily on the street who says things are going to the dogs and times will not get better. Moses listened to this story from the Israelites. Washington heard it at Valley Forge when Congress wouldn't let his army winter in a warmer climate. Foch heard it above the guns of the Meuse-Argonne. But it is almost a week's travel from the Grand Central station of New York to Los Angeles. There isn't a customs officer or a gendarme to demand a passport on crossing a State's border the entire way. Broad acres of the United States remind how the hillsides are terraced along the Rhine to save every inch of soil or how the Swiss lower horses by block and tackle to farm a tiny space in the mountains. The Moses, the Washington and the Foch of 1933 believe that this United States still has vast opportunity for expansion and prosperity. It is shoulders to the wheel again.—*Hoosier Legionnaire*.

LEGION AND INTERNATIONALE

THE AMERICAN LEGION stands as a bulwark between the American system of government, and the Communist Red Internationale, which would substitute, by violence if need be, the system of government imposed upon Soviet Russia.

The Legion opposes recognition of Soviet Russia—not because of any belief that the Russians have not the full and complete right to work out their own destiny in any way they desire, but because the Legion objects to Russia sending money to the United States to be used in propagandizing the overthrow of the American system of government by force . . .

The Legion believes that foreign agitators, who have come to this land, not to live in peace and to become law abiding citizens, should be denied the privilege, not only of American citizenship, but of the right to longer remain in this land. They should be deported whenever it is found that they are a menace to this land, either because of subversive political activities or because of leading a criminal life.

The Legion believes that if this land is worth living in, it is worth supporting. We believe that any person should be required, as a part of the price of naturalization, to declare that he is ready to serve where needed if ever this nation is beset by foes, and it becomes necessary to resort to military action to defend our land. As Americans born here are required to accept such service in time of national emergency, no naturalized citizen should be excused from a similar responsibility . . .—*Legion News, Detroit, Michigan*.

JULY, 1933

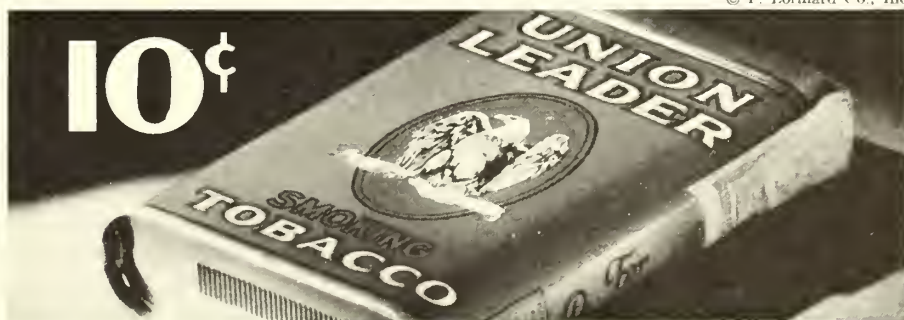


SECRETLY fill the favorite pipe of your fussiest friend with UNION LEADER . . . Then look and listen.

At the first full draw he'll wink his eye and exclaim, "Bet it cost a pretty penny!"

That's your cue to spring the glad tidings. A full size tin for just a *dime*. Yes, UNION LEADER gives you 25 pipe loads of rich Kentucky Burley . . . aged to the pink of perfection . . . for 10¢. (And it makes a great cigarette, too.)

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UNION LEADER
SMOKING TOBACCO FOR PIPE AND CIGARETTE

Back to the Operating Table

(Continued from page 21)

despairing veterans and their dependents. It read:

"As a result of conferences between the President, the National Commander of The American Legion, Louis Johnson, and the Director of the Budget, the following conclusions have been reached.

"As a result of the application of the veterans' regulations, it now seems that the cut in compensation of service-connected World War veterans with specific injuries has been deeper than was originally intended. The regulations and schedules in this respect will, therefore, be reviewed so as to effect more equitable levels of payment. Careful study will also be made of the other regulations and their effects.

"By reason of the burden incident to re-rating and in order that undue hardship will not be imposed upon veterans in their application for adjudication of their cases, regional offices of the Veterans Administration will not be closed as has been reported, except where it has been clearly demonstrated that regional facilities are not necessary.

"It is not contemplated that Government hospitals will be closed pending a careful, studious survey of the entire hospital situation. This, of necessity, will require considerable time.

"These conclusions are in line with the President's original statement that the regulations and schedules would be drafted so as to effect the most humane possible treatment of veterans truly disabled in war service."

THIS statement was a message of hope to the whole nation. The thousands of disabled men most affected by the Economy Act had despaired at the seeming inevitability of their fate. The country had come to an understanding sympathy with them. The unexpected—and it is admitted by almost everybody, the unintended—cut in payment to those suffering from specific war injuries had aroused public sentiment which was being evidenced even in the newspapers which had campaigned for drastic reductions in payments.

The President's announcement, therefore, had many immediate effects. It revived the hope of disabled men and their families. The effect in hospitals was notable, and medical officers noted that patients who had slumped alarmingly under the influence of forebodings regained courage and with it strength. Men who had bitterly resigned themselves to the loss of old rights without the opportunity of personally presenting pleas for new consideration at the regional offices at which they had grown accustomed to dealing began to consider seriously and soberly the opportunities of pressing claims under the new law. This was true particularly in the cases of men previously granted pre-

sumptive service connection for disabilities existing before January 1, 1925.

The Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee and National Legislative Committee, which had assembled the reports from all parts of the country showing the extreme effects of the new law, redoubled their fact-finding efforts after the President issued his announcement. The information which National Commander Johnson presented to the President proved that under the new rating system men with service-connected disabilities would receive but approximately fifty percent of the sums paid to them under the old law, that the average payment of \$44 to service-connected men under the old law would fall to between \$20 and \$21 under the new law.

REDUCTIONS might be due under the law to as many as six different factors, and in some cases new payments were cut down by three or four of these factors combined.

Even more striking than the six general causes of reductions are the large reductions effected by the ratings for specific injuries. These in most cases were far in excess of the twenty percent which was suggested by the proponents of the new law.

Leg and thigh amputations show average reductions of thirty percent from the old rates. Amputations and stiffness or loss of motion of joints are reduced 35 percent from the rates adopted in 1925. Nerve injuries, mostly the result of battle wounds, are 35 percent lower. Healed gunshot wounds and other lacerated wounds of muscle of the extremities are more than 53 percent lower. In the classification of multiple finger injuries, sixteen types are on the average 35 percent lower. Disability from defects of vision in thirty-six classes show an average reduction of 35 percent, and defects of hearing in thirty-five classes are 55 percent lower.

In psychoneuroses and kindred conditions, cases which formerly rated \$25 a month now rate \$8, those formerly paid \$50 now receive \$20, and those formerly paid \$75 now get \$40.

More forceful than the statistics, the averages compiled from sets of figures by the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee office in Washington, are the reports of the cases of individual seriously disabled men, forwarded by the state service officers.

There is the case of a barber, wounded in action in the Meuse-Argonne. He received a severe gunshot wound of the right thigh, with marked loss of muscle, a condition which caused a tumor of the bone and consequent stiffening of the joint. He was also wounded in the right hand by gunfire and that hand is palsied. He was drawing \$55 a month, with which he was supporting two aged aunts, one of whom is totally blind. His pension has been set

at \$20 a month, a reduction of 65 percent. Now, at the age of 53, he is unable to work and has no means of support.

Then there is the case of a farmer, also wounded in action in the Meuse-Argonne. He received two severe shrapnel wounds in the neck, shoulder and back. The scars are still so large that one could put a fist in them. His shoulder and right arm are useless and his wounds are still painful. He had been drawing \$46 a month for many years, but due to inadequate description of wounds he has been reduced with the possibility that he may be cut to \$8 or stricken from the rolls entirely.

An aviator made more than fifty flights over the German lines before he got in the way of a propeller while he was trying to start his plane. In this accident most of his left hand was cut away, leaving only the thumb, and his right thumb was sheared off. His right arm was broken, and today he cannot raise it to his shoulder. He has not been able to work since he came home. The \$125 a month paid to him for many years because of his injury has been turned into a pension of \$40 a month by the Economy Act.

Deafness and sinus trouble are bad enough, but when heart and lung diseases are additional complications, together with rheumatism and a degree of not-to-be-wondered-at mental trouble, even one hundred dollars a month seemed little enough. The man who has this tabulation, after eighteen operations in Government hospitals for his service-connected disabilities, is now slated to draw \$20 a month under the new regulations. He has a wife and five children. Incidentally, he was severely gassed.

AND then there is the fellow who was actually hit by an automobile truck in camp. Some of the advocates of economy tried to convince the public that this was a privilege during the war. But this fellow got an injury to his abdomen as big as any orthodox chunk of shrapnel could have made, and today there is only a pulsating barrier of weak scar tissue, five inches by eight inches, to hold him from disaster. He wears an abdominal brace and has been able to do occasional light jobs since the war, but he can't do manual labor. He got \$25 a month before the Economy Act revisions began. This has been reduced.

The Legion service officer in a Southern State sent the following report:

"Out of the first 344 cases examined for rating under the new law there were 79 men with tuberculosis, of whom all but fourteen were reduced to no percent. The average reduction for the T. B. group was 79 percent. The total reduction in the amount of money paid was likewise 79 percent. In the whole group there were 112 men with gunshot wounds, practically

all of whom were reduced to some amount, with an average reduction of 43 percent. There were twenty-five men with mental and nervous diseases, reduced an average of 45 percent. Sixty-one out of 204 were rated as service connection broken, and 143 were rated as no percent."

On May 15th the office of the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee prepared a table on reports of reviews of cases under the new law by fifteen Regional Offices of the Veterans Administration. This showed:

| | |
|---|-----------|
| 1. Cases reviewed | 14,227 |
| 2. Cases in which compensation was discontinued | 6,258 |
| 3. Cases to receive non-service war time permanent and total disability award of \$20 a month | 289 |
| 4. Cases to receive service-connected wartime pension | 7,427 |
| 5. Monthly sum previously paid men under heading 4 | \$344,908 |
| 6. Monthly amount to be paid men of heading 4 under new law | \$160,470 |

Forty-four percent of the cases reviewed were removed from the rolls either because of breaking service connection or rated at no percent.

Two percent of the cases reviewed remain on the rolls for the \$20 award for permanent total, non-service-connected disability.

Fifty-four percent of the cases will remain on the rolls for wartime service-connected pensions at the reduced rates as follows: Average monthly rate under the old system, \$46; average monthly rate under the new system, \$21. The reduction constitutes 54 percent in money payments.

The weight of this evidence supports the contentions which the Legion submitted to the President, the Director of the Budget and the Veterans Administration at every stage of the process of putting the new law into effect. As National Commander Johnson indicated at the May conference with the President, the unanticipated severity of the law may only be rectified by a frank recognition of the defects contained in it. Men with battle wounds and other service-connected injuries must be placed upon a plane of payments substantially higher than originally authorized. The drastic requirements for the proof of service connection must be softened, so that the elimination of the men formerly classified as presumptive service connected will come to an end. There must be more liberal ratings for men with tuberculosis and mental and nervous diseases, and other changes.

As this article is written in late May, with the President's announcement still echoing, some changes have been made in accordance with considerations of humanity and fair play, without jeopardizing the success of the plan of balancing the budget. For, had the rating of all cases proceeded with the extreme reductions characteristic of the first claims to be reviewed, the total of savings would have been far in excess of that contemplated by the law's proponents.

Other necessitous and deserving groups may only be served by increases in the proposed appropriations. Proposals in this direction will have been placed before the President and the Director of the Budget, and the measure of success achieved will be known before this article may be read.



Skinny! New easy way adds pounds —double quick!

Astonishing gains with sensational new double tonic. Richest yeast known, imported beer yeast, now concentrated 7 times and combined with energizing iron. Gives 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks.

FOR years doctors have prescribed yeast for skinny, run-down men and women who want to put on flesh. But now, thanks to a remarkable new scientific discovery, you can get even better results—put on firmer, healthier flesh than with ordinary yeast—and in a far shorter time.

Not only are thousands quickly gaining pounds of solid, beauty-bringing flesh—but other benefits as well. Muddy, blemished skin changes to a fresh, glowing, radiantly clear complexion. Constipation, poor appetite, lack of pep and energy vanish. Life becomes a thrilling adventure.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, called Ironized Yeast, is in pleasant tablet form. It is made from specially cultured, imported beer yeast—the richest yeast ever known—which through a new process has been concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful.

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast concentrate is then ironized—scientifically combined with three special kinds of iron which strengthen and enrich the blood—add abounding new energy and pep.

Watch the change

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, you'll see ugly, gawky angles fill out. Hollow chests develop and pipe-stem arms and legs

round out attractively. Complexion becomes radiantly clear—indigestion disappears—you'll have new, surging vitality, new self-confidence.

Skininess dangerous

Authorities warn that skinny, anemic, nervous people are far more liable to serious infections and fatal wasting diseases than the strong, well-built person. So begin at once to get back the rich blood and healthy flesh you need. Do it before it is too late.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands of others. If not delighted with results of very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Only be sure you get genuine Ironized Yeast, and not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Insist on the genuine, with "IY" stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 347, Atlanta, Ga.

12 Lbs. in 3 Weeks

"After taking Ironized Yeast three weeks I gained 12 pounds." Frank Picunas, 6555 S. Wash-tenaw Ave., Chicago, Ill.

14 Lbs. in 21 Days

"Before 21 days were up I had gained 14 pounds. My complexion was muddy and is now perfect." Yvonne Murray, 906 Dixie Overland Blvd., Shreveport, La.

14 Lbs. in Month

"I have gained 14 pounds in a month." Joseph H. Clebeck, 3 Allen St., New York, N.Y.

X = ?

(Continued from page 9)

"Don't you want to tell me just what you did last evening, everything from the time you drove away with Miss . . . Marvin?"

"No, I don't," Long answered. "It's none of your business."

"Tell him," the Y girl urged.

Long hesitated and then said, "Well, we drove south, up into the hills."

"On what road?" Petty asked.

"On Route du Mans. Through Fresney and Beaumont."

Petty nodded. That was the road he had driven this morning.

"Just this side of that town with a funny name," Long added.

"Sille le Guillaume," the Y girl prompted.

"Just this side of there you come to a flat place where a little river runs through. There's a waterfall above and a side road, rocky, leading up to the hills. The woods thereabout are called . . . another funny name."

"Bocage du Diable," Duclos put in.

"That's it. We spread a cloth in the clearing and had our supper. Built a fire of twigs but there wasn't much loose wood and it soon went out."

"How long were you there?"

"Till about eleven. Then it began to rain. Mine is an open car, and we parked under a tree for another half hour. We thought it would be only a shower, but it didn't stop, so we started out."

"You had raincoats?" Petty asked.

Duclos grunted.

"I did," Long said. "Miss Marvin had left hers in her car."

"He had me put on his," she said.

"Where is yours now, Lieutenant?" Petty demanded.

"In my billet," Long snapped, "hanging on a chair to dry."

PETTY studied that answer. "What else happened?" he asked.

"Nothing. We drove into town. Didn't see a person, not even a cat."

"Boiled down, you and Deeever had a row over his pistol yesterday," Petty summed up. "He said you took it, you claim he found it later."

"Denise saw him find it!"

"But it's gone now," Petty pointed out. "You quarreled again last night. Went up into the hills against orders. But no one saw you, you saw no one. . . ."

The Y girl interjected, "That's not quite accurate."

"It isn't?"

"I might as well tell you," Long said irritably. "I thought we'd avoid trouble by not telling. There was another car up there."

"Whose?"

"Deeever's," Long admitted.

"Deeever's?" Petty repeated, thinking: Of course Deeever would have a car. But this had been after eleven. The widow

had heard the scream at eleven. "It was raining then?" he questioned.

"Yes, yes! I tell you it rained half an hour before we started down. We were sitting there with the lights out when we heard this other machine coming to beat hell. It turned off not ten paces ahead of us. Slowed to turn and I had a good look at it."

"And what made you guess, in that light, it was Deeever's?" Petty asked.

Long flushed. "I didn't guess," he retorted hotly. "I know Deeever's car. It had only one headlight. He smashed the other, and one fender, three or four weeks ago."

Petty nodded. "You knew his car. But he didn't know yours?"

"Why, man, he didn't see us! He turned right up into the hills, and I thought . . . well, I thought the old fool was hunting us . . . he was mad enough to. So we just sat still."

"For how long?"

"A couple of minutes. Then we beat it. Didn't want him to come back and find us parked there."

Petty digested this, and made a note on his pad.

"There's a grove of pine trees up there?" he asked.

Long retorted, "How do I know? A tree's a tree. . . ."

"Oui, m'sieur, those are pine trees," Duclos interrupted. "I know the road. Upward it opens to lee-tle paths for the hunters. Denise can tell you 'ow. She is born in that woods."

The girl twisted her handkerchief. "How should I know?" she cried. "I never step from the farm when I am a child, with the witch danger there."

"When you found the body this morning, miss," Petty asked, "did you touch it?"

"Touch it? Mais non! I only unlock the door and step in!"

"The door was locked?"

"Most positive! There are three keys only! Mine, the poor major's, and this lieutenant's."

"And you're sure you locked up last night?"

"Yes, m'sieur. You see," she hesitated, and looked mournfully at Lieutenant Long, "I, too, am told to go back to work last night. The major, he leave me a large task of adding. I work from seven to nine. The major has said he return. At nine o'clock he does not come, the lieutenant does not come, so I lock the door and go to my room."

Petty turned to Long. "Did Deeever usually drive his own car?"

"Oh, no." The lieutenant was scowling at Denise. "Always kept a chauffeur. Got rid of a dozen in three months. He was hard to please."

"Had he a chauffeur yesterday?"

"Not for ten days. Threatened to put

his last one, fellow named Perkins, in jail, and Perkins went A. W. O. L."

"A. W. O. L.?" Petty raised his voice.

"M'sieur Perkins is most genteel boy," Denise put in.

Petty looked at her thoughtfully, nodded, said, "I suppose so," and then inquired, "Where did Deeever keep his car?"

"I can lead you to it," Duclos volunteered.

"Wait for me, please," Petty directed the witnesses.

HE SENT Duclos alone to the major's garage, and himself sought the Y girl's hotel. Her car stood in front of it, just as she had said. The pavement around it was still damp from last night's downpour, but under the car the stones were dry.

Petty leaned into its open side and scrutinized the moist upholstery. Small rain puddles still glistened in the seat, and in the corner was stuffed an olive drab raincoat. He shook out its damp creases and discovered that the folds beneath the exposed portion were dry.

He had expected this. But he did not expect what he saw next. The metal fasteners of this coat were identical with the one he had found in Deeever's office. And the bottom fastener was missing. In its place was a jagged tear in the fabric where strong fingers had jerked the metal free. So the snap, which lay by Deeever's dead hand, belonged to the American girl.

He was still considering this evidence when Duclos panted back.

"She is depart . . . the automobile of m'sieur the major!" the Frenchman cried. "She is gone away!"

For a moment Petty did not speak, only stood adding and subtracting, weighing this news against the raincoat in his hand, and the raincoat against the other facts.

At length he said, "Let's go look at the place Long parked last night."

Long drove his own car back to the hills, taking with him Miss Marvin and Duclos. Petty followed, with Denise and the gendarme, who had just come from guarding the body. The spot beside the road where Long and Miss Marvin claimed to have eaten their supper proved not unattractive, in spite of its local reputation. A sandy flat lay amidst beech and maple trees, with a small stream hurrying over a noisy waterfall. Up to the east a pine forest lifted dark against the sky.

Long had arrived first.

"Here are our tracks," he said. "The rain has washed them some. We were sitting over there, when the other car turned into this side road."

Petty nodded. But before he stooped to examine the earth, he looked at his watch. The trip had taken thirty-five minutes.

"Wait here," he ordered the lieutenant and Miss Marvin. "Come with me, Denise. You know these hills, so you can

be guide. And you come, Duclos, and you, please, brigadier."

"I am afraid," the French girl objected.

She followed, unwillingly. The tracks of a car were clear in spots, again washed out, and led upward along the rough road. Soon other byways branched from it, and the woods thickened, but the car tracks continued into the forest.

Duclos looked back twice at the flat where they had left the lieutenant.

"They won't run away," Petty said. "I took the keys to both cars."

"But listen, my Captain!" Denise cried. "I am afraid to go further. So fearful are the stories!" She clutched his hands. "Please, m'sieur, turn back! It is the American woman who is guilty! She is responsible!"

Petty asked mildly, "How do you know that?"

"I will show you proof! At first, because she is woman, I defend her. Come now! Go no further!"

Petty agreed. "Very well. You go back with this gendarme. Tell him what you know. The inspector and I will climb farther."

"But I fear to have anyone go ahead!"

"I doubt any witches will bother me," Petty said. "Come, inspector."

He had gone only a few yards when the girl fell into step again, walking between him and Duclos. At the next turn of the road, Petty halted, his finger to his lips.

The by-way had ended in a thin clearing, with a moldy stone cottage under a grove of pine trees. Before the door stood a muddy American car. Petty, staring at it, made out a bent fender, and the left headlight was missing.

"Wait here, brigadier, and you, Denise," Petty ordered. "Come with me, Duclos."

He started running awkwardly, with the short pace which always made him seem ridiculous in uniform. Smoke drifted from the broken chimney of the house, and the door stood open. Petty had covered less than half the distance when Denise screamed.

"Look sharp!" Petty cried to the inspector.

The girl screamed again in mountain patois. Two figures were running from the cottage door, one a tall, heavy man in American uniform, the other smaller and in peasant garb. The American held a pistol in his hand. He raised it, but inspector Duclos was too quick.

There was a crash, and the American dropped his gun, and grabbed his arm above the elbow.

"We give up, sir!" he cried. "We give up!"

The little Frenchman was slipping around the corner of the house. Another shot from Duclos's pistol halted him.

Petty lined them up. From the ground he took the automatic pistol the American had dropped, and with it covered them.

He could hear Duclos exclaiming in French, "Bon! Ah, bon!"

Duclos was shaking the Frenchman.

"My little one, (Continued on page 46)



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CHAMPION
EXTRA-RANGE
SPARK PLUGS

X = ?

(Continued from page 45)

you were killed in the cruel war, were you?" he cried. "Ah, I shall take great delight in attending your execution! In the front row I'll stand, with my hat on. Ah, bon!"

Denise was wailing.

"But he is the guilty one!" she cried, pointing to the American. "He entice my poor brother! It is Perkins, the major's chauffeur, who plan it all!"

"This is the wicked brother of Denise," Duclos said. "A hero we think! A deserter, honored by all the country, come here to live with the witches! Bah!"

Petty warned, "Perkins, if you run, I'll shoot." To Denise he said, "I'm sorry, miss. Your brother's been sponging on you, I suspect. But you bungled, leaving so many clues about."

"Me?" the girl screamed. "You accuse me?"

Lieutenant Long had run up, with the Y girl behind him.

"This girl, Denise, she . . . er, fancies the chauffeur?" Petty asked him.

"Fancies all of us," Long growled. "She's been a damned nuisance. . . ."

"Probably," Petty agreed. "At least she, as well as the major, resented Miss Marvin's arrival. She did go back to work last night. But she didn't start home at nine o'clock. It must have been nearer eleven. I have proof of that. Your brother and Perkins surprised you alone there?" He asked the question of Denise, but she would not answer.

"They startled her, at least, and she screamed," Petty said.

"Listen, sir," Perkins begged, "don't blame her! When Deever tried to slam

me in jail, she told me about her brother's hideout up here. . . ."

Petty nodded. "And last night you came back for money?"

"We had to eat," Perkins cried. "I knew they kept plenty in the safe. But we didn't have any idea Denise would be there. . . ."

"She screamed when you came in," Petty said, "and the widow next door heard her. It rained hard then, and while it was raining and you were at the safe with your ax, and Denise probably arguing with you, the major walked in. He came back, just as he had said he would."

Duclos exclaimed, "The ax . . . ah!"

"From these hills, with pine pitch on it. As for the gun, they had found it in the drawer, and when Deever surprised them, someone shot. It was thundering, the widow could not hear."

The French girl sobbed, "It was Perkins who shot, my brother, no! He is good boy. . . ."

"Bah!" Duclos cried.

"They ran, then, out the door," Petty went on. "You knew, miss, that you'd be suspected, since there were only three keys, and you had one of them. You worried. The rain stopped, and you decided to make it look as if someone broke in." Petty took off his glasses and shook them at her. "Still resenting Miss Marvin, you went to her car and tore that fastener off her coat!"

"From my coat!" Miss Marvin exclaimed.

"It was dark, no one see me!" the French girl wailed.

"But you made the mistake of putting

the coat right back where it was," Petty accused, "so that just its outside was damp. I knew the shot occurred during the rain, and the dry coat proved that it had not been worn. So the fastener on the floor was only a false clue, left to confuse us. Like the window."

"That glass was broken from inside, inspector. Most of it fell out into the mud and yet the dust was not washed off by the rain. So it broke after the rain. There could be only one answer. The window was smashed to make it look as if someone without a key had entered."

Long cried, "She and I had the only keys!"

"The raincoat fastener eliminated you, Lieutenant, instead of throwing suspicion on you. It was only a problem in subtraction. Three keys," Petty counted on his fingers, "one yours, one the major's, the other belonging to Denise."

"The window was broken to protect one of you three. Well, the major is dead. That leaves two. The raincoat fastener, instead of pointing to you, subtracted another. One remained."

Duclos, who had been searching the prisoners, unwrapped a package Denise's brother carried in his pocket. Crisp new paper money flashed in the sun. Petty put on his glasses and counted it. It was exactly right.

"There's the total," he said. "Take the men back to your office, inspector. And thank you for that revolver. They'd have escaped from me." He laughed. "You see," he admitted, and there was a hint of relief in his tones, "I never carry a gun!"

We're Now Where They Were Then

(Continued from page 17)

care and education of soldiers' orphans, and for the maintenance of widows. . . .

"For the protection and assistance of disabled soldiers, whether disabled by wounds, sickness, old age or misfortune."

"For the establishment and defense of the late soldiery of the United States, morally, socially, and politically, with a view to inculcate a proper appreciation of their services to the country."

When thirty-nine posts had been chartered Commander Stephenson called a Department Encampment to meet at Springfield to form a permanent organization. It had not occurred to the easy-going physician that the delegates would consider any other candidate for Commander than himself. But the politicians had cast covetous eyes on the thriving organization and many of them came to the encampment inspired by a zeal to divert it to their uses. To defeat this move it became nec-

essary to put up for Commander the name of an outstanding man, with a statewide reputation, and the choice fell upon Major General John M. Palmer, who was still with the Army and absent from the convention. His nomination was seconded by one of Stephenson's most devoted friends.

The father of the Grand Army was deeply hurt, and in his simplicity was at a loss to understand why the organization for which he had sacrificed so much should have thrust him aside. But there remained a mountain of work to be done, and Benjamin Franklin Stephenson volunteered to undertake it. By his own efforts and largely on his own financial resources he sowed abroad the seeds of his enthusiasm, and four months later, on November 20, 1866, the First National Encampment of the G. A. R. convened in Morrison's Opera House in Indianapolis.

Ten States and the District of Columbia

were represented by 240 delegates, 163 of whom hailed from Indiana. Of the delegates thirty-nine had been generals, fifty-five colonels, twenty-seven majors, seventy-five captains, twenty-two lieutenants, and twenty-one enlisted men. Enlisted men had become suspicious of organizations that extended beyond their county lines and the remarkable thing is not that so few turned up at Indianapolis but that any turned up at all.

At Springfield there had been some slight chance of electing Dr. Stephenson Department Commander. At Indianapolis there was not a chance in the world that he would be chosen Commander-in-Chief of the national organization, though he went there in the naive expectation that the honor would be his without contest. The choice of the delegates was Major General Stephen A. Hulburt, a former Illinois Congressman considerably involved in the

type of political maneuvers from which Stephenson intended the Grand Army should hold aloof. After the election of Vice Commanders, the convention, feeling a need for the confidence Dr. Stephenson had gained with the rank and file of veteranism, elected him Adjutant General. The office corresponds with that of National Adjutant of The American Legion. None of the officers was voted a salary. If not then, shortly afterward at any rate, the choice of Stephenson for Adjutant General offended Commander Hulburt, a man of petulant temper, who showed his displeasure by practically withdrawing from the affairs of the organization. Being the only one of the national officers willing to work full time without pay, this left Stephenson in charge.

The result was astonishing. Ten new Departments were formed, bringing the total to twenty-one, and everywhere regimental and community organizations began to come in as posts of the Grand Army. Two independent state federations, the Veterans Brotherhood of Kansas and the Soldiers and Sailors League of New York, transferred their memberships intact. At the end of twelve months the G. A. R. claimed an enrolment of 240,000. Though this is probably no great exaggeration the figure cannot be verified. Stephenson was an evangelist, not an organizer. His records were chaotic. In money matters he trusted everyone, with the result that at the end of his term 1,400 posts were delinquent in the payment of national dues. The Adjutant General had spent his time, and his money, spreading the gospel among men rather than bothering with columns of figures. He had struck the note of comradeship, unselfish service and generosity toward the late foe that the veterans of the North had been waiting for from the lips of a national leader. His idea was to win the multitude to the cause of the Grand Army which he deemed more important than counting heads and passing the collection plate. Yet those who were all too ready to criticize took these achievements for granted and carped over the sketchy nature of the Adjutant General's bookkeeping.

There was no National Encampment in 1867 and only when the Senior Vice Commander threatened to act did Commander Hulburt convoke the Second National Encampment in Philadelphia in January of 1868.

If the politically-minded chieftains of the Boys in Blue and the Soldiers and Sailors League had deemed at Springfield that this new Grand Army might be an instrument useful to their ends, at Philadelphia they were sure of it. The dramatic fight on Andrew Johnson and his humane and sensible policy toward the South was approaching its climax. The Presidential campaign of 1868 was around the corner. At the Second National Encampment the politicians moved quietly and captured the new organization without firing a shot. Major General John A. Logan, a member

of Congress from Illinois and the head and front of the soldier movement in politics, was elected Commander-in-Chief. Stephenson was superseded as Adjutant General. The national headquarters were moved from Springfield to Washington and merged with Congressman Logan's vast and varied political picture puzzle.

John A. Logan was a man of force and ability who despised neutrality in any cause. His war record was brilliant and there are old men living today whose eyes will snap at the slightest criticism of Black Jack Logan. They will point out that he was the father of Memorial Day. It is true, and he had many personal virtues of the most engaging kind. But his political principles and practices have not stood the impartial test of history; and his conception of the returned soldier's duty toward his country wrecked the Grand Army of the Republic.

Logan took the reins with energy. He demanded, and obtained, military obedience of subordinates. President Johnson had just removed as Secretary of War the unscrupulous Stanton for acting as the spy of the Administration's enemies at Johnson's own council table. Stanton rushed to Logan and other anti-Johnson men in Congress, and on their advice refused to surrender his office. Two cots were carried into the War Office. Stanton slept in one and Logan in another, ready to meet force with force should the President attempt to take physical possession. Logan called a conference of Grand Army leaders at the Willard Hotel and as a result a cordon of veterans armed with rifles and ball ammunition was posted about the War Department. Johnson kept his head and declined to exercise his constitutional functions to remove them, or blood would have wet the paving stones of Pennsylvania Avenue. But he also declined to recognize Stanton as Secretary of War and was impeached for it. With the failure of the impeachment charges the deposed Secretary, who had lived in an actual state of siege for weeks, admitted defeat and relinquished his office.

Undismayed, Logan threw the Grand Army into the campaign for the election of Ulysses S. Grant. General Grant was popular among the veterans and easily their choice for President, but there grew up a deep-seated resentment against the use of the G. A. R. for electioneering purposes. Grant himself disliked it. Posts began to secede from the national organization, continuing their local relief work as independent organizations. The Commander-in-Chief met this defiance as he met all others in his stormy life—with firmness. He ruled his organization lock and stock, perpetuating himself in office for three terms, but he could not rule the members. They deserted in droves. Five States turned in their charters. Others were merely shells. The Department of Illinois was reduced to one post claiming allegiance to the Logan dictatorship and the Department (Continued on page 48)



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SHOOT WITH CONFIDENCE

We're Now Where They Were Then

(Continued from page 47)

of Wisconsin likewise to a solitary post.

In 1871, when Congressman Logan handed the organization over to Major General Ambrose E. Burnside, the G. A. R. numbered, on paper, thirty thousand members. Benjamin Franklin Stephenson slept in a neglected grave, having sacrificed his medical practice, his fortune and his health in the losing fight to uphold the aspirations he had cherished for the organization of his creation.

Ambrose E. Burnside is remembered in history chiefly as the man who gave his name to a style of side-whiskers that was considered fashionable in the sixties, and as one of the long procession of commanders of the Army of the Potomac whom Lee defeated with clock-like regularity until Grant came along. This verdict is unjust. General Burnside was an able and an amiable gentleman who knew his limitations. He had accepted the command of the Army of the Potomac reluctantly, knowing the job to be beyond his capacities. After the war he accepted the governorship of Rhode Island for two terms from the same sense of duty, for he was a business man and not a politician. But in Rhode Island he was highly successful and, in opposition to Logan, fought the carpet-baggers and preached the doctrine of magnanimity toward the conquered South.

On assuming the commandship he announced that this would be one of the principles of his administration of the Grand Army of the Republic, and in his quiet way he began a housecleaning. With eighteen Departments dissolved or on the verge of dissolution the first thing Burnside did was to drop 8,000 members for non-payment of dues. Others, who had been personal followers of Commander Logan, left of their own accord. Then the rebuilding began and at the end of a year the rolls showed a membership of 28,000. The organization had a new lease on life and some hope for the future. "Comrade" Burnside—in G. A. R. circles he would not permit himself to be addressed as General—was re-elected in 1872. He continued to stress

the non-political nature of the organization and coined the watchwords "Fraternity, Charity, Loyalty." Being a wealthy man he spent much of his own money in the organization's service.

Refusing a third term, Comrade Burnside retired in 1873. The membership was just under 30,000, but it was a real, not a paper, membership. The ideals of Benjamin Franklin Stephenson had been revived and the Grand Army of the Republic saved from extinction.

The road to restoration in the confidence of the veteran was long and stony. The great business depression which came in 1873 and lasted until the close of 1878 proved an added handicap, but the corner was turned in 1877. In that year General Grant joined the G. A. R. but took no active interest in the affairs of the organization. In 1883 General Sherman joined, served as a delegate from Missouri to the annual National Encampment and cast the vigorous spell of his personality upon it.

This was a real endorsement. With the rank and file of men who had worn the blue "Uncle Billy" Sherman was the most popular of Union army commanders. In his stand against the carpet-bag regime he displayed a courage not surpassed by another Northern man. Before a crowd of ten thousand people he publicly insulted Stanton and refused to take his hand. Logan had been one of his corps commanders for whom he had a warm personal affection, but he fought his politics, and once, in disgust, threatened to resign his commission and exile himself in a foreign land; this from the man who had done more than any other Union general to bring the South to her knees while the war was on. During the war Sherman had given a third of his pay, and he was a poor man, to help the families of fallen comrades. After the war he was active in a dozen veterans' societies which shunned politics and devoted themselves to relief of the unfortunate. The authority of Uncle Billy's name did as much to restore the prestige of the Grand Army as that of any other.

Many are the stories told of him in this connection. In 1886 the National Encampment was held at San Francisco. An item in the program of festivities was a banquet at the Palace Hotel, at which, according to a contemporary newspaper account, "the supply of wine and cigars was unlimited." When it came time for the toastmaster to introduce the speakers of the evening the diners had begun to rock the walls with "Marching Through Georgia" and other army songs. They were not interested in oratory. After futilely banging his gavel the presiding officer shouted for General Sherman to come to the head table. In the rumpled old uniform he always wore on such occasions, Uncle Billy stood with folded arms facing the roisterers. The singing ceased. "Comrades," barked Sherman in a voice that took many present back to the days they had been singing about, "if I were in possession of the authority I once had I'd put every damn one of you in the guard house!"

In 1880, with the war fifteen years behind them, as the World War is fifteen years behind us today, 60,654 men had reaffirmed their faith in the Grand Army. In 1884 John S. Kountz of Ohio, who had enlisted as a drummer at the age of fifteen and lost a leg when he was eighteen, was the first former enlisted man to attain the office of Commander-in-Chief. He had the support of Sherman. Mr. Kountz brought the membership up to 273,000 and the organization to man's estate as a factor in national affairs. From his administration henceforth the G. A. R. spoke the will of the Northern veteran and the Federal Government began to relieve States and communities of the major part of the burden of caring for disabled and the needy. In 1890, twenty-five years after the last shot had been fired, the Grand Army reached its peak in membership—409,000, over half of the eligible survivors of the war.

Two articles by Marquis James on the early years of the United Confederate Veterans will appear in forthcoming issues.

This, Too, is a Legion Concern

(Continued from page 13)

Any way you may look at it, that's a lot of money.

It is significant of the whole picture that it is so difficult to compute anything like the real total of tax-exempt securities now outstanding in America—most of the small county, school-district and municipal issues, for instance, are held locally and their existence means nothing to the big financial houses. The mere fact that nobody knows the total is menacing—it means that out-

side of Governor Cornwell and a few others, nobody cares what the total is. It would take weeks, perhaps months, of intensive research by expert economists and highly-trained and experienced statisticians to arrive at a figure that could be called even approximately definitive. And that figure would well exceed Governor Cornwell's estimate, as Governor Cornwell would be the first to admit.

Now what has all this to do with The

American Legion? Well, for one thing, the Legion has a very definite interest in anything that is for the good of America, and just as definite an interest in anything that is for the harm of America. And the Legion has a very definite interest in economy in government. The Army and Navy out of which the Legion was recruited were financed by stupendous issues of securities—tax-exempt. The Legion has watched with alert interest the efforts which have

recently been put forth toward effecting greater economy in government; it has seen an organization which has touted economy up and down the land drop that issue like a red hot poker as soon as economy was effected in a single one of the Government's activities. That organization does not seem so greatly concerned, oddly enough, about this matter of tax-exempt securities.

When so much of the capital of the country passes into tax-free securities and the property acquired and developed by the use of that capital likewise becomes tax free, the burden upon the balance of the property of the country in the matter of taxation necessarily must grow heavier and heavier. Again, government property, whether federal, state or local, acquired and created through the capital invested in tax-exempt securities, is non-profit-earning and produces no revenue, but increases the cost of government.

There can be little economy in government as long as governments can issue tax-exempt securities which are readily absorbed, because of that attractive feature, by men who have abundant means to absorb them. I read in the newspapers a short time ago about a little girl in an up-state New York city who found a hundred dollars in a bureau drawer which her father had put away to meet a note payment on the following day. She took that hundred, went out into the neighborhood, summoned all the youngsters she could find and said: "Come on, kids! Let's buy things!" Ice-cream soda flowed like water for the next hour. The good news spread and regiments of boys and girls from near and far trooped to the scene to get their cut. It was a spending orgy the like of which had never before been known in that community, and the whole hundred would have been converted into saccharine commodities had not one shopkeeper grown suspicious when he was asked to supply sixty-seven ice-cream cones and was tendered a twenty-dollar bill. He called a policeman, and deflation immediately set in.

That is precisely the predicament that America was in between 1918 and—well, name the final date yourself. It came to a halfway sort of end in 1929, but it hasn't come to a real end yet. It is still going on. And the spending orgy will go on as long as we can issue securities to pay the piper, and we can issue them as long as our federal, state, legislative district, county and municipal securities, all the unguessable billions of them, remain exempt from taxation.

Tax exemption is, of course, really a misnomer. There is actually no such thing as a tax-exempt security. The man who buys the security is exempt, but you and I are not. One way or another, we meet the obligation from which he has been excused.

In my recent trip through the Southwest and the West I have been stressing economy in government with all the strength in me. I have cited specific instances (many of them laughable until you

reflect that the man who does the laughing also does the paying) of ridiculous minor extravagances whereof the total is not at all minor. Many thousands of you have heard me deliver these addresses or have listened to them over the radio, and I do not propose to repeat them here.

This is a good time to initiate the fight for real economy; this is a good season in which to carry it on. Summer is not a slack season in The American Legion. Summer was not a slack season in the A. E. F. We are approaching a time of sublime anniversaries. Fifteen years ago this November the embattled hosts of the great nations of the earth laid down their arms and the greatest war in history yielded to a troubled peace. It was America's privilege to play a part in that war which went far toward determining the issue. It was her privilege to initiate and to carry through the greatest troop movement ever conceived. It was her privilege to share in the final decisive campaigns by land and in the less spectacular but no less decisive campaigns by sea. And in the home camps, ready—superbly ready—to quit themselves like men and like Americans, a force as great as the A. E. F. itself—a force which a distinguished English commentator called "the last great reserve army of civilization"—waited to take its place on the firing line if desperate need required.

We are approaching at this particular season of the year the most impressive anniversary date in the whole war save for the Armistice itself—a date, indeed, which determined the Armistice. On July 18, 1918, Foch delivered the superb thrust south of Soissons which marked the passing of the initiative from the enemy to the Allies. At the spearhead of that thrust, which broke the Marne salient like a bubble and after desperate weeks sent the kaiser's hosts reeling back to the Aisne, were sixty thousand American soldiers. Remember November 11th, but, in remembering it, do not forget July 18th.

From all the horror and welter of the war emerged at least one great good. With the end of the tumult the civil components of America's Army and Navy were restored to their interrupted routine schooled in an unforgettable lesson. They had met the most exacting test to which American citizenship can submit any who rejoice in the possession of its responsibilities. They had learned that devotion to country is no mere rhetorical phrase, but a creed whose worth is measurable solely by its living, practical applicability to the daily concerns of the republic and its people.

Out of this creed and for this service was The American Legion born. In more than ten thousand American communities it both preaches this gospel and practises it. The sum of that service is a contribution to the national welfare that America could ill afford to do without. It is a service which we of the Legion know will be rendered without stint until the last Taps has sounded for the last Legionnaire.

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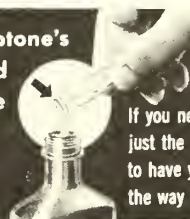
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just the right amount
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the way you want it

And expect to be surprised when you first see Scalptone! It is the only tonic that is *adjustable*. In the neck of every bottle there is a separate tube of oil. You make your own prescription for your own hair.

AFTER 21 DAYS

—have a look at your hair! It'll be healthy. And well-groomed. But not greasy or plastered down. And as for dandruff—well, this treatment usually stops it inside of 3 weeks. If you aren't satisfied—write us. We'll cheerfully refund the purchase price if you'll let us know the amount.

PACKER'S

Dandruff Treatment

① PACKER'S TAR SOAP

② PACKER'S SCALPTONE

A Permanent Veterans' Policy

(Continued from page 27)

ourselves again to be led into another situation which sooner or later will bring tragedy upon our disabled comrades again."

His hearers recalled that National Commander Johnson had first projected his thought of a permanent veterans' policy a week earlier, in an address he had given at a dinner tendered him by the New York Department on April 29th. On that occasion he had suggested four principles which deserved to be made a part of such a policy.

National Commander Johnson's four principles were embodied in the report of the Special American Legion Committee on Veterans' Legislation, adopted unanimously by the National Executive Committee at its closing session. By the terms of the report, they are to be transmitted for the action of the Fifteenth National Convention, which will be held in Chicago, October 2d to 5th. The four points are as follows:

1. A governmental policy of equal treatment of veterans and dependents of all wars.

2. A permanent classification and a standardization of benefits for all classes of veterans and their dependents, of all wars, past and future, upon which both the Government and its defenders may rely.

3. A governmental policy, contemplating adequate compensation and hospitalization for all veterans with war service-connected disabilities without regard to their financial status or other means of support.

4. A governmental policy recognizing that all incapacitated veterans without means of support are charges and wards of the Federal Government and not of State and local governments or of public charity.

The special committee presented these points in a report which reviewed in four pages the developments in veterans' legislation since the Portland convention. This report was in conformity with the resolution, adopted at Portland, which had created the committee and authorized it to study all existing veterans' legislation with a view to the elimination of provisions unjust either to the veteran or the Government. The resolution also had directed the committee to submit its findings to the National Executive Committee, with the proviso that major changes suggested in legislation should be referred to the next and succeeding national conventions.

Past National Commander O. L. Bodenhamer of Arkansas, chairman of the special committee, who had presided at several sessions held by the committee while Congress was considering veterans' legislation at the last session, was not able to attend the Indianapolis meeting. In his absence, the committee report was presented by Robert B. McDougle of West Virginia. The other members of the committee are Past National Commander Edward E. Spafford of New York, Hird Stryker of

Nebraska, B. W. Gearhart of California, Sam Jones of Louisiana, Frank M. Dixon of Alabama, John Elden of Ohio, Frank Pinola of Pennsylvania and Jesse W. Barrett of Missouri.

The report emphasized the fact that the committee's original report had been prepared before the introduction of the Economy Act, and that the passage of this act rendered inapplicable the recommendations for changes and amendments in laws which



Thomas M. Owen, Jr., of Montgomery, Alabama, was elected National Historian by the National Executive Committee at its meeting in Indianapolis in May. He is a member of the Department of Archives and History of the State of Alabama, has written many books on historical and genealogical subjects and has been an editor of several Alabama newspapers

the committee had determined to submit.

The report, as submitted, declared that the Economy Act imposes upon disabled veterans and their dependents sacrifices comparable to those which they made in 1917 and 1918 and expressed the opinion that the situation required that all federal expenditures, except upon absolutely essential governmental functions, be at least equally and proportionately curtailed, "to the end that governmental stability shall be hastened and temporary injustices to veterans be corrected."

The report dealt specifically with inequalities and injustices under the new law and listed the following examples:

1. Widows and orphans of deceased veterans of other wars receive pensions, which in similar cases are denied the widows and orphans of World War veterans.

2. The regulations acknowledge responsibility toward permanently and totally disabled and aged veterans, but decree re-

spective monthly rates of \$20 and \$6. These provisions are palpably and pitifully inadequate.

3. The regulations provide for hospitalization and care of permanently disabled veterans without funds. There are, however, no provisions made for the hospitalization and care of temporarily disabled veterans without funds who might, with such care, be reclaimed and become self-supporting.

4. The projected elimination of Regional Offices will, in our opinion, permanently cripple the administration of the Government's responsibility to its disabled veterans.

5. While it was represented to the public that the Economy Act would result in a reduction of veterans' benefits, to battle and wartime service casualties, of not more than twenty percent, adjudication under the regulations as promulgated in thirty-two typical cases of gunshot wounds received in actual combat has resulted in reductions which average forty-three percent. In these thirty-two cases, benefits were reduced in specific instances as follows: \$34 to \$8; \$45 to \$8; \$61 to \$8; \$55 to \$20; \$17 to \$8; \$45 to \$20; \$24 to \$8. In the adjudication of one hundred typical cases involving service-connected disabilities arising out of war service and in existence at the time of war service, the actual reductions average seventy percent.

Contemplating these injustices, the report made this recommendation, which was made a mandate by the action of the National Executive Committee:

"We recommend that your committee direct the national officers of The American Legion and its National Legislative Committee immediately to represent to the President and to Congress all of the injustices and inequalities in the present regulations."

The special committee also urged that The American Legion take steps to counteract the propaganda which has given the American people the erroneous impression that the Legion is interested in nothing but the adoption of legislation carrying financial benefits to veterans. It recommended that the Legion point to its sponsorship of legislation on such vital matters as adequate national defense, child welfare, immigration and naturalization, universal draft to take profiteering out of war, civil aviation, conservation of national resources, Americanism and anti-Communism and World Peace.

National Commander Johnson's address and the report of the special committee on legislation were the principal features of the two-day meeting of the National Executive Committee, but of scarcely less interest to the committee were addresses on veterans' legislation by Ray Murphy of Iowa, Chairman of the National Legislative Committee and John Thomas Taylor,

Vice Chairman of that committee; Watson B. Miller, Chairman of the National Rehabilitation Committee, and Edward A. Hayes of Illinois, Vice Chairman of that committee; Earl V. Cliff of Minnesota, Chairman of the Rehabilitation Liaison Committee, and others. These addresses expressed a solidarity of viewpoint and purpose on the Legion's outstanding duty in this critical period.

Chairman Murphy of the National Legislative Committee described the battle which the Legion had fought before Congress to prevent the destruction of veterans' rights proposed by anti-veterans' organizations.

"We have not been defeated by the National Economy League, nor by the United States Chamber of Commerce," he said. "In a straight out fight with those organizations in the last of the Lame Duck sessions, we licked them hands down. They came into the Halls of Congress with unclean hands, armed with a vast array of false and misleading figures, many if not most of them emanating from the Veterans Administration. Their good faith was discounted. Their figures and their allegations of fact were refuted, and the League and the Chamber were routed. The Legion emerged from that fight apparently stronger than ever. But forces were working against us, some yet unseen, some unfelt, some but faintly realized; forces that converged and then broke out in a torrent so swift and so strong that naught could prevail against it."

Mr. Murphy declared that the new regulations, despite their many defects which must be remedied, form a broad base upon which the structure of World War veterans' benefits can be rebuilt, but he urged that Congress and the Legion profit by bitter lessons of the past.

"To me, it seems, the new deal for veterans and the new deal for America, present a challenge and an opportunity for The American Legion," he said. "If we are merely obstructive, if we are not actively constructive, we will have declined the challenge. If we fail intelligently to evaluate ourselves, if we fail to assert and assume our place in American life, as the great patriotic organization of all time, if we fail to sense changing conditions and changing opinion, if we fail to realize that for The American Legion America is first, we will have missed our opportunity, and opportunity may not come again.

"For The American Legion, the tide again is at the flood. Let us take it, and steering clear of the rocks and the shoals of our earlier course, guided in the night by the shining stars of unselfish service, in the day by the compass of consecration to God and country, sail on to that Fortune which alone is our true wealth, the respect and the honor of our own generation, and of the generations yet to be."

Milt D. Campbell of Ohio, Chairman of the National Child Welfare Committee, reported that public and private child welfare facilities in the States and communities would not be able to handle the

extra burdens imposed on them by the new Economy Act. He warned that posts and Auxiliary units must be prepared to make emergency provisions for families of many service men stricken from government rolls until permanent assistance is found.

The National Americanism Commission also presented a warning of the need of extraordinary post and unit efforts to help those deprived of governmental aid. Hugh T. Williams of Virginia, chairman of the committee, said all local units would find in the task of helping the sufferers from the Economy Act the same opportunity for service as found whenever a community with a Legion post encountered a major disaster. He predicted all posts and units would continue to do everything possible to help victims of the depression.

By adopting a series of resolutions, the National Executive Committee expressed the Legion's sentiments on many national problems. It urged that the Government make no further reductions on the grounds of economy in facilities for national defense. It repeated the Legion's stand for a universal draft act. It endorsed the "Buy American" campaign of education. The committee also approved the report presented by Bryce P. Beard of North Carolina, chairman of a committee authorized to prepare a plan for the development of an organization composed of sons of Legionnaires. The committee recommended the name, Sons of The Legion.

General Roman Gorecki of Poland, President of Fidac, delivered an address to the National Executive Committee and was guest of honor at a banquet tendered by National Commander Johnson. General Gorecki visited Indianapolis on a tour of a dozen American cities which he was making with Charles Hann, Jr., of New York City, Vice President of Fidac for the United States. After the presentation of reports dealing with The American Legion's participation in the affairs of Fidac, in which emphasis was placed upon the unusual importance of activities to be conducted next year, National Commander Johnson was elected American Vice President of Fidac for 1934.

As one of its final actions, the committee elected Thomas M. Owen, Jr., of Montgomery, Alabama, as National Historian to succeed Eben Putnam of Massachusetts who died in January after holding the office since 1920. Mr. Owen is a member of Alabama's State Department of Archives and History and has won recognition as a historian and genealogist. An honor graduate of Marion Institute and of the University of Alabama, he served as a first lieutenant with the 117th Field Artillery and 70th Field Artillery. He was one of the organizers of the Alabama Department and has served it as Department Adjutant and Americanism chairman. He was editor of the *Alabama Legionnaire* three years. In addition to his historical activities, Mr. Owen was engaged in newspaper work in a number of Alabama cities. He delivers weekly radio addresses on episodes of Alabama's early history.

SKEET



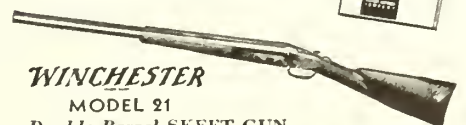
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Arkansas Traveler

(Continued from page 30)

this day. Bodenhamer was commissioned a captain of infantry at the end of those notable ninety days at Leon Springs. I cite this detail as worthy of mention. As one who failed even to get in one of those first training camps the present writer has a deep respect for anyone who got anything out of one of them. They were stiffer by far than the later camps. Bodie's good luck did not hold out, however. Instead of going to troops as he wished Captain Bodenhamer was made an instructor at the second camp at Leon Springs, and at the third.

He was soon promoted to major and sent on a teaching tour. Finally, when he had shaken himself loose and gained the command of a battalion of the 19th

Infantry the Armistice caught him at Camp Travis, Texas.

But he had had enough teaching. Out of uniform he borrowed a few hundred dollars of a classmate and plunged into the Burk-Burnett oil field at Wichita Falls. In two years he had made a fortune. Moving on to the Ranger field he lost this fortune more quickly than he had made it.

In the course of these two experiences Mr. Bodenhamer admits that he learned a great deal that he was able to put to profitable use in the development of the oil fields in southern Arkansas. A few more years saw O. L. Bodenhamer one of the masters of the situation there and an important factor in the southwestern branch of the industry, which he still is.

The American Legion had long been his avocation. In 1929 he was elected National Commander. In 1930 immediately after his retirement from office at Boston he married Miss Irene Richardson. They live at El Dorado in a pleasant Spanish-type bungalow of six rooms. Honeysuckle vines, blooming and fragrant in summer and green in winter, clothe the graceful arches of the porch. It is the quiet retreat of a busy man, burdened with many responsibilities that are the product of these trying times—responsibilities to his community and his State as well as those arising from his own far-flung affairs. He meets them with a quiet logic that gets confidence and a smile that his friends know so well.

Let's Take the Profit Out of Crime

(Continued from page 11)

Kenneth and Cyril Buck before they delivered Peggy McMath to her father? Suppose we had not established their complicity in the kidnaping? Suppose the ransom had been paid, the child had been returned, but nobody was punished for the offense? It is safe to assume that the failure to apprehend these kidnapers would have been an incentive to more crimes of the same kind.

Whether the severity of punishment is a deterrent to crime is a subject on which opinions differ. But practically everyone agrees that the certainty and swiftness of punishment is a decided deterrent. There is good common sense behind the carefully built up tradition in Canada that the "Northwest Mounted always gets its man." There is less crime in the Canadian wilderness as a result. Similarly, I believe that Massachusetts is comparatively law abiding.

This good record may be attributable to one or both of two things: Massachusetts is said to have more policemen per capita than the average State, and Massachusetts has a reputation for the obstinate pursuit of criminals. Only the other day, two men were arrested in New Orleans for complicity in a crime which had been committed in Boston four months before, a gang murder. Too many cities, I'm afraid, permit their police to forget about such commonplace crimes as soon as the news is off the front pages of the papers.

I could cite the record of the Federal post office department to the same end. Professional criminals are notoriously leery about robbing the mails. England has few murders, and there is little doubt that England has few murders because England has a habit of punishing every murderer,

regardless of the cost of investigation and prosecution.

To make crime unprofitable, then, it is necessary to insure swift punishment for all criminals. This is attainable, however, only at enormous expense. The State must have many policemen at its disposal—skilled detectives and equally skilful uniformed men. It must take full advantage of modern communication and transportation—motorcycles, automobiles, trucks, busses, boats, airplanes, telegraph, telephone, teletype, the radio. (Parenthetically, I was prepared to call upon the aviation branch of the Massachusetts National Guard to assist in the hunt for Peggy McMath if necessary.)

Of course the ideal is to prevent crime, to deter young people from the temptation to crime. In this regard, the case of the Buck brothers seems especially significant. Perhaps theirs is a typical case in this modern day.

They were born into what everybody in Harwichport regards as a "good family." Their father was a surfman in the United States Coast Guard, an honorable occupation, justly esteemed by an essentially seafaring community. They were educated as well as the ordinary boys of their generation and their early associates were no better and no worse than the average associates of the average American boy. How, you may ask, did two such fellows come to participate in so atrocious a crime as the kidnaping of a little girl?

Now I cannot supply the answer definitely from my own knowledge, but there is a good explanation in the hearsay evidence which is offered. I have been told that the Buck brothers were small-time bootleggers. There was no great stigma

to bootlegging on the Cape. Few of their neighbors would look down upon them for it. To illustrate, let me tell a story:

A newspaper man asked a native of the Cape if the Buck brothers were supposed to be bootleggers.

"Sure," the native replied. "Why not?"

"Are you a bootlegger?" asked the reporter.

"No; I've got no place to store the stuff."

So the Buck brothers may have been bootleggers, but they were not deemed felons by their friends and neighbors; they were not racketeers, not gunmen, they only dealt in small lots, perhaps.

But even a little bootlegging requires a dwindling respect for the law. And as it educates a young man to disrespect for the law, it also educates him to the idea of easy money. Granting, for the sake of argument, that the Buck brothers were bootleggers and they got used to easy money of a sort, that their respect for law was abated by their comparative immunity to the penalties of the law, what more natural than that they should break a law of another kind?

At the time of the kidnaping, they were somewhat impoverished, as were a great many bootleggers. The depression has taken a heavy toll from the profits of this form of crime. No doubt the advent of 3.2 beer in Massachusetts (among other States) also made inroads on their earnings. Where was more money coming from?

Now there are thousands of small-time bootleggers in America—thousands in Massachusetts alone, I dare say. There literally aren't enough policemen to apprehend them all. When, as and if we make legal the selling of the beverages from which they have been gaining more or less

luxurious livelihoods during the last thirteen years, what will they turn to? Some, no doubt, will find honest work. Some, their nests well feathered, will go into more or less genteel retirement—will become professional loafers. But isn't it natural to believe that many will turn to other forms of crime? Their natural respect for the law—and I think respect for the law is natural with most men—has been broken down to a considerable extent. They are used to living well on little effort. Of course the professional criminals, the warped souls who were thieves before prohibition and who became bootleggers during prohibition, may be left out of consideration in this regard. There are enough of them, but what worries me particularly is the large body of men who might have gone straight except for prohibition and who now will be tempted to worse crookedness—to more violent crime—because prohibition may disappear.

Does this sound like a prophecy of woe? Well, it is and it isn't. We have educated many of our citizens to be criminals, but there should be a falling off in the number of criminal recruits if we take so fruitful a felony out of the hands of crooks.

Nevertheless, the problems of the police are not likely to decline for many years to come, and we should have a better system of criminal detection. Perfection, of course, is impossible, but there is always room for improvement. And improvement will not be possible if we lose sight of the fact that no one man can be the perfect policeman. The perfect officer would combine the intellect of Sherlock Holmes with the courage of Alvin York, the discipline

of Casabianca and the ubiquitousness of the very air we breath. These qualities, I fear, can never be found in one man. They can, however, be found in many men.

The quality of courage, I think, is apt to be universal among policemen. The others may be acquired largely by training. Intellect is available if we offer adequate rewards to the right kind of men, if we enlist and educate capable bodies of detectives. Discipline, of course, is almost entirely a matter of training. Ubiquitousness can be purchased only at large expense, and also after much training.

And of all things, the aim should be to attract the right type of man into police work, giving him the best possible training and then equipping him with every scientific device in police equipment. Surely no more honorable career is open to a man than that of the police officer—the protector of our lives and property. And the man who chooses to enter upon such a career deserves the best equipment that the public can give him, and the respect and co-operation of the public as well.

Daniel Needham is a Harvard graduate, a lawyer and, by virtue of his appointment early in the spring as Commissioner of Public Safety of Massachusetts, commander of the state police. He served during the war as lieutenant and captain with the 101st Field Artillery, receiving two citations, and rose to the colonelcy of the 101st when, after its return from France, it reverted to its status as a National Guard unit. He is now a brigadier general in the Guard, and a Past Commander of Newton Post of The American Legion.

Marine—A Fighting Word

(Continued from page 29)

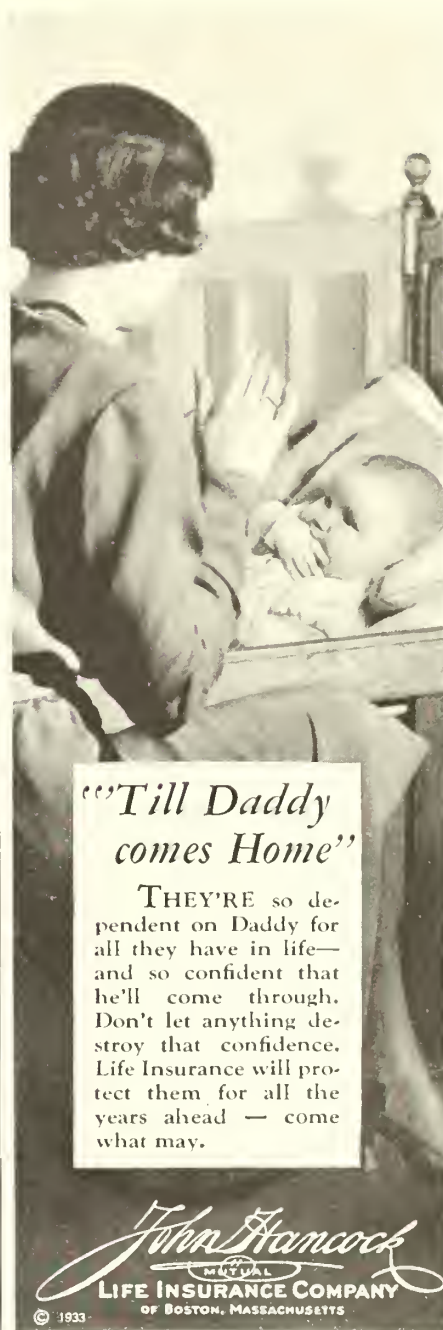
always be ready to take the sea in defense of our country at an hour's notice. They must not expect to have a year in which to mobilize, drill and train. The regiments and brigades of soldiers that are to operate as a part of the Fleet must be ready for instant action.

To maintain itself in a state of readiness, the Navy spends a large part of each year at sea and conducts extensive maneuvers. The Marine Corps tries to maintain at Quantico and at San Diego expeditionary forces ready for instant service. They must be, and are, constantly ready to take the field in war. Stores, arms, ammunition and supplies must be packed and available. It is no light task to keep a large body of soldiers in this condition of readiness. It is an even greater task to keep their equipment stored and ready for instant use.

It is this problem of instant readiness which the Marine Corps has solved, better we believe than any other force in the world. Supplies and equipment are stored in our great depots on the east and west coasts ready for instant use. When men are available regiments are kept filled up

and highly trained. The Marine Corps can and frequently has in the past put a full regiment aboard ship and started them off to their destination on twenty-four hours' notice, or less. After the Marines get aboard ship they know how to make themselves at home and get along with the naval officers and enlisted men.

Theodore Roosevelt said that for preparedness, to his mind, the Prussian Guard and the United States Marine Corps stood out above all other military bodies. I doubt if even the same Prussian Guard in its heyday could have put a regiment aboard ship with complete stores within twenty-four hours. Certainly, after the Prussian Guardsmen had been aboard ship for a few days they would have lost most of their value as a fighting unit. The American Marine can stay aboard ship for six months and like it. At the end of that time he can land and fight. He has proved this too many times to allow for the possibility of any question of the fact. To the best of my knowledge and belief there is no other soldier in the world who can perform a similar feat.



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After the Akron, What?

(Continued from page 15)

treacherous mines below the surface as fast as they could be anchored. Often the big Zeppelins would dip to the decks of their own mine-sweepers, pick up the captain, and cruise over the areas to show him each newly-planted mine. Thereafter to clear the waters of the infernal machines was a mere mechanical operation for the sweepers.

Zeppelins saved the German High Seas Fleet at Jutland. The advantage of the first phases of that famous sea battle admittedly went to the Germans. As Admiral von Scheer prepared to resume the engagement, scouting Zeppelins, skimming the North Sea waves in weather so thick that airplanes could not take off, spotted and reported by radio to the German commander the extent of reinforcements speeding to the aid of the British Grand Fleet. It is not established that they located every squadron rushing at full speed to Admiral Beatty's aid, but those squadrons the airships did see were enough to give a decided new preponderance to Britain. It doomed German hopes of victory. It was the information supplied him by his Zeppelins that prompted the decision of Admiral von Scheer to run away in order that he might save his fleet to fight another day. The British testify to that fact.

A secret report of the British Admiralty dated September 20, 1917, specifically details the services rendered the enemy by Zeppelins in the first three years of the war. It concluded:

"It will be seen how justified is the confidence felt by the German Navy in its airships when used in their proper sphere as the eyes of the fleet. It is no small achievement for their Zeppelins to have saved the high seas fleet at the Battle of Jutland; to have saved their cruiser squadron on the Yarmouth raid, and to have been instrumental in sinking the *Notting-*

ham and *Falmouth*. [These were capital ships.] Had the positions been reversed in the Jutland battle, and had we had rigids to enable us to locate and annihilate the German high seas fleet, can anyone deny the far-reaching effects it would have had in ending the war? There are many other striking, though perhaps less important, successes to the credit of the Zeppelins at sea—even to the capture of the Norwegian bark *Royal*."

On that document was launched the British program for rigid airships. The recent disaster to the British-built airship *R-101* caused abandonment of her airship program after more than a decade of experiment. Will the *Akron* tragedy cause us to follow suit?

The United States Navy as a matter of policy does not make public the details of the successful use of new weapons as they are revealed in annual maneuvers. It was announced two years ago, however, that the *Los Angeles*, operating as an adjunct to a Blue force defending the Panama Canal, spotted and reported by radio to the Blue commander the location, size and disposition of the attacking Red fleet eight minutes before the airship itself was observed by the enemy. Whether or not the *Los Angeles* was theoretically destroyed thereafter is of minor importance. She had fulfilled her mission invaluablely. The information she gave to the defenders enabled them to make comprehensive defense plans where before they had awaited the attack in uncertainty.

The foregoing incident is the only hint the public ever has received of the value of an airship to our Navy. What other secrets are locked in naval files, or whether any such secrets repose there, cannot be said. It may be argued that a single airplane might have performed an identical service. That is true, but the defenders

did not lack airplanes. The undisputed fact is that the *Los Angeles* performed the service far at sea.

Admiral Moffett was further quoted in *The American Legion Monthly* as he pointed out that an airship performs the same function as the fastest naval scouting craft, but that she does it with twice the speed of any surface vessel. Moreover, the cost of an airship today is only from one-fourth to one-half that of a modern light cruiser. Whether an airship is more vulnerable to destruction than a surface craft despite the airship's modern protective armament (which includes a squadron of combat airplanes carried in her hull) remains to be tested by experience. Whether recent great advances expanding the range of airplanes, their bomb capacity, and development of navigational aids to enable them to fly in weather which was formerly prohibitive have made it possible for airplanes to perform naval functions more efficiently than the airship—this alike awaits a test in actual war.

This much may be said with assurance: The fact that it must be admitted that airships are dangerous to operate is a minor consideration to the Navy if airships have proved or promise greater security to the nation. Repeated peace-time tragedies to navy submarines have failed to force their abandonment, nor have men in blue been lacking to man them. As proof of that statement consider that Commander Wiley, one of the three survivors of the *Akron* tragedy and an earlier survivor of the *Shenandoah* disaster, was on board the new airship *Macon* during its test flight only a few days after his rescue from the storm-lashed midnight waters of the Atlantic.

If airships possess value to the Navy in its job of defending America, peacetime hazards of the craft are disregarded. Navy sky-sailors will not be lacking to carry on.

Everybody's Like You

(Continued from page 3)

as follows: *When*, 288 times in each 100,000 words; *what*, 244 times; *who*, 192; *how*, 103; *where*, 96; *why*, 52. Hence, if you wish to answer a person's question, without knowing what the question is, you can say simply: "Tomorrow," or, "next year"—something relating to time—and your answer has a fair chance of being accepted as sensible.

The woman "mind-reader" knew all this and made capital of it. By assuming that a large proportion of all questions asked her began with *when*, she could answer enough of them plausibly to satisfy her customers. She found that the proportion of her customers who asked different kinds

of questions was always the same. While she never knew what an individual would do, she could always count on the average impulses of a large group being uniform and predictable.

Similarly, a good detective often finds his task simplified by asking himself not what one man in particular, or one criminal would do, but what almost any man would do in such circumstances. It is like the old story of the silly boy who found the widow's cow, after all others had failed, because he decided to go where he would go if he were a cow.

A man who has committed a crime and is being hunted is in a state of mind fairly

predictable. If he has left home under a cloud, he is certain to be keenly curious to learn the latest developments in the very situation from which he is escaping. Consequently, he will attempt to keep in communication with someone who can tell him what is going on back home. He will sooner or later call at some place for mail. Because this is true, thousands of criminals have been found by simply watching post office general delivery windows.

Detectives have learned that when a man assumes another name, to hide his identity, he will usually take a name of the same nationality as his own and, more often than not, the name will begin with the

same letter, thus: James F. Morris may become John F. Moore; McFarland may become McCarthy.

It is well known that people of only moderate intelligence—and most criminals have no more than that—are not likely to take as much interest in music, literature, and the drama as they do in their food. If a man is stupid enough, his next meal is his chief concern, just as it is to a lower animal. If a criminal is known to have any strong passion for certain kinds of food, he may be counted on to retain this same gastronomic enthusiasm wherever he is. A member of the United States Secret Service was hunting a counterfeiter believed to be staying temporarily in a medium-sized city of the Middle West. The detective searched without success the first day he was in town, but the second day he met his man in a restaurant. This did not just happen. They met there because the detective was able to predict what such a man would do. He had learned that the counterfeiter was especially fond of spaghetti and other Italian dishes; hence, he felt justified in assuming the man would hunt up an Italian restaurant. There were only three or four of these in the city, and one was much better than the others. The detective went there—and his meeting with his man was almost as prompt as if by appointment.

During the war, when it was feared that a few persons in America, in sympathy with the Central Powers, might blow up munitions plants, it was possible to locate several having such impulses, by the simplest kind of prediction. If a man is going to blow up a building he is likely to read about explosives. This may take him to the public library. Hence, many clues leading to such people were obtained by organized observation of all people who read books about explosives at public libraries in principal cities of the United States. Indeed, it is often possible for a detective to find many other criminals of the more intelligent type by watching public libraries. When a man is in hiding and doesn't feel free to move about much on the streets, that is the very time he is most likely to fall back on reading books from the library.

Many a missing man has been located by the simple plan of ascertaining if he has any life insurance, and in what company. A man who has been paying his insurance premiums for years is always reluctant to let his policies lapse, and will keep them paid, even if all other savings are lost. Hence, the postmark on an envelope containing a money order for an insurance payment becomes an important clue.

It is always predictable that a man who is telling a lie will find difficulty in supplying all necessary props to his lie. He is almost sure to stop and hesitate. A detective I know received a visit one day from a woman who represented herself as well acquainted with a prominent friend of his in another city, whom we shall call Peter Gilroy. "How is Pete?" inquired the de-

tective; "is he still on crutches?" But the caller's uncertainty whether to reply "yes" or "no," convinced the detective that she was what he had suspected—an imposter.

Since human nature is much alike wherever found, liars always have many points of behavior in common. One of these is a disposition to repeat one's questions—to gain thinking time in which to concoct a suitable untruthful answer. You ask a beautiful young woman what she is going to do this evening, and she replies: "What am I going to do this evening? Oh, I'm planning to go to the theater." Evidently she isn't going to the theater at all, but wishes to avoid the company of the person asking her questions. Every shrewd detective knows he must beware of the person who habitually repeats questions.

In court, one may often observe a prisoner, on trial for a high crime, agreeable and good-humored toward the prosecutor and prosecuting witnesses. Nearly everybody thinks he must be innocent, and that his friendly attitude toward the prosecution is due to his clear conscience. But, as a good detective or other trained observer knows, just the reverse is true. The man feels no resentment toward those who are accusing him, because he secretly respects them. He knows they are exactly right, doing only their duty. One may well be suspicious of the criminal who appears too chummy with the side of the prosecution.

A criminal may be counted on to show alarm if he thinks his worry is evident to others. A clever detective was employed some years ago to obtain evidence against a man thought to have stolen bonds from his employers. Following his suggestion, the employers arranged with acquaintances of the suspect to ask him questions as: "What's the matter? Been sick?" Or, "You look worried. Is anything wrong?" Finally, the man went to his employers with a complete confession.

It is nearly always safe to assume that a clever criminal, in trying to cover his tracks, will forget something. I knew of an international blackmailer who had collected a mass of documents which he wished to place temporarily in hiding. He packed them into a small trunk, and took this by a taxicab from his home in New York to an obscure warehouse in Brooklyn. He was careful not even to telephone for a taxi, but went out and called one at random, to make sure there would be no possible record of where he had gone. Moreover, he placed the trunk in storage under an assumed name. To locate this trunk would indeed have seemed like finding one of the smaller-sized needles in a haystack. Yet when this man came under suspicion, the trunk was promptly recovered. He had thought of nearly everything in the way of hiding his trail, but *not quite* everything. He had neglected to hide the warehouse receipt for his trunk! A detective, armed with a search-warrant, found this in a pigeon hole of the man's desk. Almost anybody might have made the same mistake, for most people's minds operate in about the same way.



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I Want to be a Regular Citizen

(Continued from page 39)

who sold their claims were a success—are better off than those who refused to sell.

Our own veteran group has been considerably coddled since the war. For this reason, and admitting for the sake of argument that we are not as good in business as our Canadian contemporaries, which I won't admit, I wouldn't advocate that we be allowed to sell our claims outright. I merely suggest that we be permitted to hypothecate, or pledge, up to a fixed percentage of these claims. For my degree of disability, I would suggest that this fixed percentage not exceed one-third of my pay.

One-third of what the Government now intends to pay me for the rest of my natural life (\$60 monthly, under the new regulations) would be \$6,760. Let us assume for a moment that the Government decides to allow me to pledge this portion of my claim with the Reconstruction Finance Corporation for a loan of \$5,000. First, they would take the \$1,760 as a bonus for extending the service over such a long period. Repayment of the loan together with interest on it would be deducted from my compensation monthly.

THE contract for the loan would be so worded as to compel me to invest the money in a specified property. The Government would hold a lien on the property which would prevent me from disposing of it. A provision would be made to allow for trades where it could be proved that the property value to the man and to the Government would be enhanced thereby.

This constitutes a much sounder security than any the R. F. C. has been accepting when making loans. In case of premature death the property would go to the Government, less what had been paid on the loan. In this way the obligation would as certainly be met as death itself—that is, if we are to continue to believe in the soundness of the tables of mortality used by insurance companies.

Perhaps I would like to open a café or eating place. I could do that with about \$1,500. With \$3,500 I could buy a home which would be suitable for me, and much nicer than the flat I now have. Now in order to make my application for the loan I'd have to get a number of statements from business men who were in a position to know the facts as to the feasibility of the project. I would have to convince the board of my ability as a chef, a buyer and manager of a restaurant.

Another war comrade of mine is shot up as badly as I am. He has little education. He is Polish by birth and can't speak much English. He has been kicked out of more than twenty places because he couldn't meet his rent and feed his wife and three children on his money. I won't debate the wisdom of his having such a large family in his condition. His wife takes in washing now in order to help out with the rent and

clothing. What he will do when his pay is reduced I shudder to think.

Now he is a very able motor mechanic. In fact, he is an expert. But when a man is hiring a motor mechanic these days he wants a man who can do the heavy work eight or ten hours a day. My friend is able to inspect motors in his own garage, determine the trouble at a glance, tell his helper what to do, then inspect the finished job, collect the service fee and bank it. Fifteen hundred dollars would set him up in a modest garage, and \$3,500 would buy him a palace by comparison to the dark, damp flat in which he now lives.

WHEN I outlined my idea to him he actually broke down and cried with happiness at the thought. Then, believing that his war service had chained him to the life of a pauper, or nearly as bad, he became glum again. You see he is used to being shunted from pillar to post. He has formed the habit of eating sparingly so that his children can have more. And now his Government tells him to pull his worn-out belt over a few more notches.

He is unable to furnish any sort of recreation for himself or his family. The only fun he has himself is when attending the meetings of his Legion post. Yet he really isn't a member, because he hasn't paid any dues for six years, but the fellows know his circumstances and accept him without comment as one of them. I wonder how many such cases there are dependent thus upon the Legion? I know a score or more of them myself.

It is only fair to assume that all such men would not be successful in a chosen business. But I refuse to debate the gloomier side of the proposition, because there will be enough of that side talked about anyway. Congress admits we are helpless, and I admit that they keep us that way. So there can't be any argument there. We will certainly never prove our competitive ability until we are given a chance. If it be true that we are handicapped in business, then we deserve a balancing handicap to enter the competition. If the citizens of the U. S. A. are to be considered as industrious and able as the citizens of Canada, why can't American veterans as a group be considered the equals of their Canadian cousins?

My proposition frankly admits our inferiority to our Canadian buddies by providing a number of safeguards against as many failures as they have experienced. I must prove the community can absorb my project and support it, must prove the project to be worth the investment, must show my qualifications to manage the project.

I probably would never think of starting a restaurant. Since I am a graduate of an agricultural college I'd try to get a small farm and hire a helper to work it for me. I might go back to dear old Texas and buy

a good farm, stock and equipment, as well as seed, for \$5,000. After the Government deducted the twenty dollars from my pay I'd still have forty a month to use. How many small farmers have such an income? I would be so content and happy on such a place that I'd no doubt live to be a hundred years old, thereby saving the Government a much greater sum of money.

When I speak of buying a farm, the Government might respond: "Why not homestead one and get it for nothing?" My reply to this one would be so heated and colorful as to be unfit for publication. No, I'd want an improved farm, already producing.

In order to test this proposal of mine, I thought it would be a good idea to sound out a few taxpayers on it. Most of them attempted to dismiss me with the old wheeze to the effect: "Nothing is too good for men like you." And then I answered, quoting the very words of my old friend, the late William F. Deegan, former New York Department Commander of The American Legion: "Well, nothing is what I have." But I realized that their first stock answer was due to an injured feeling at my having doubted them, in their desire to see us get anything we desired. From all of them—many of them impressive citizens whose names would be familiar to you—I had pledges of aid in developing the idea. In fact, some of the provisions in my proposal I got while talking to these men. They were all in favor of making me content in my own community. And this is exactly where the Government has fallen down in my case. I want to own something. A peanut stand, any business I can manage. I want assets as well as liabilities. In short, I desire that comforting knowledge that I don't have to depend upon my Government for even \$60 a month. I'd like to be a self-sustaining unit in my community. Otherwise, I ought to be taken out behind the barn and shot as useless and a drain on the treasury.

THE following question might be put to me: "If you think you are able to manage a business successfully, why haven't you got yourself one in the last fourteen years?" Initial capital, or rather the lack of it, is the truthful answer. Try to save enough out of a monthly stipend which is even too small to meet current expenses, and the result will be, in my experience, red ink, debts and more debts. "But men in your condition were sent to school after the war and taught new vocations," another group of cheer leaders will say. Most of us were, and some are doing well in their chosen field, thank you. But for the most part their disability was such they could not compete in work hours, piece work and activity with the able-bodied worker.

In answer to the probable charge of the group who are the self-appointed guardians

of my welfare, but who do little more than say what I shouldn't do, that I would no doubt go on a spree and spend most of the money, I say that I would surely be tempted to go on just one spree to celebrate the fact that my Government had finally decided that I was worthy of being treated as an average citizen—that, having the security, I was entitled to the same consideration from the R. F. C. as other men. If a bank has paper from a firm which obligates the firm to pay a certain amount on a certain date, the bank can hypothecate or pledge that paper with the R. F. C.

wholly, or in part, for cash. My paper would be from the Government, and it has to pay me—it is actually paying, never defaulting—and it is not likely to go out of business.

My entire thought is premised on the probable fallacy that I'm entitled to have a home, entitled to earn my bread by the sweat of my brow. Yes, and more. To be able to purchase some of the comforts to which Americans are accustomed. Also a half-parent to the idea is the belief that those same Americans would be in favor of the plan.

Get In and Swim

(Continued from page 19)

we correct the faults of individuals. Their stroke may look to the inexperienced like the old-fashioned dog paddle. Actually it is a rudimentary crawl with arm stroke cut short so that the hands do not leave the water.

On the fourth lesson we have them practice holding the breath with faces under water and eyes open. This builds their confidence, kills off unreasoning fear. Next they practice rhythm breathing, exhaling with their faces below water. Then we have them sit on the edge of the pool, take a deep breath, and tumble off into fairly shallow water. After a try or two, they are competing to see who can plunge farthest. Competition is a great help, for it makes them forget to be afraid.

Now we take off the water wings and let the pupils paddle around in the shallow end. Usually half of them can actually keep up at the first try without support. From here, we concentrate our instruction on the laggards. It usually takes only one more lesson to have them all swimming.

On the sixth and seventh lessons we get them to swim in deep water, by the eighth lesson they swim the sixty-foot pool. Long before this most of them have on their own initiative started swinging their arms above water and have thus advanced to the real crawl stroke. Hereafter the teaching is entirely individual corrections and improvements and refinements.

From long experience I have learned the easiest order in which to teach the different swimming strokes. The first, as you know, is the crawl. The second is back crawl, swimming on the back with an inverted crawl arm stroke and with the ordinary crawl kick. Next come side stroke, single overarm side stroke, trudgeon for distance swimming. Only now are we ready for breast stroke, the commonest beginners' fare at the hands of amateur teachers. Breast stroke is natural for a frog, but for no other animal. The last in order is the back breast stroke, or the double overarm back stroke, where both arms are swung back over the head simultaneously, temporarily submerging the swimmer.

Do you ask why, if crawl is indisputably the best, we teach all of these strokes?

Well, anyone swimming a long distance can rest the crawl muscles while still making headway by another stroke. Also, these strokes permit a swimmer enough variety of exercise to hold his interest.

All of which in no respect alters our conviction that crawl is the best stroke for beginners, that it is the easiest stroke for anyone to swim be he novice or expert, that it is the best long-distance stroke, the best and fastest method of covering any distance in the water, the most useful in every respect.

I have already said that everybody can learn to swim. We have never failed to teach any able-bodied child or adult to swim, if the pupil persists and really wishes to learn. Some are very slow, occasionally from faulty muscular development but much more often because of fear. It is sometimes a slow process to educate this fear, this panic at the touch of water, out of the pupil's mind. But it can be done.

Certain rules may be laid down for teaching swimming that should help anybody. First, do everything you can to remove fear of the water, and familiarize the beginner with it as a friendly element; more people have been scared away from swimming by the idiotic old-time practice of throwing a child into deep water than by any other single error. Second, don't force instruction too hard; forcing sets up involuntary resistance that makes learning harder. Third, start the beginner on crawl (or if you don't know that, then on trudgeon or side stroke), but never on breast stroke. Fourth, don't overdo it at one lesson; swimming for a beginner puts a lot of soft muscles to their first work, which is why even after our pupils can swim unassisted we give them frequent ten-minute periods on water wings to rest them up. Fifth, avoid exasperation at the beginner's slowness; you didn't learn too rapidly yourself. The wise parent gets somebody else to teach his own kids, perhaps swapping lessons by teaching the other fellow's.

More misconceptions are extant about swimming than about almost any other common subject. I wish I could figure out why so many people know about swimming so many (Continued on page 58)

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Get In and Swim

(Continued from page 57)

things that are not so. For instance, they tell me with a straight face that a baby if placed in the water would start to swim. He won't. He sinks. They assure me that the best time to learn swimming is in infancy. The youngest child I ever taught to swim twenty yards was the two-year-old daughter of Dr. W. Lee Lewis, inventor of Lewisite.

Of course I believe in teaching children young, for only one reason: A small child is even more likely than an adult to fall into water, and therefore it needs to know how to swim. I have taught any number of three-year-olds. But the easiest age to learn swimming is seven or eight years. For several years thereafter a youngster can learn with a minimum of effort. By the twenties it is harder to establish new muscle habits. But I have taught beginners as old as sixty, and some of them have developed into competent swimmers.

Another mistaken idea widely held is that most swimmers who drown do so because of cramps. I have been present at hundreds of pull-outs and resuscitations. Less than one percent of all these involved any trouble with cramps. Almost ten percent came through imprudent diving, either into shallow water or against some solid obstruction. These really should not be charged up as drownings. The blow brings loss of consciousness, the drowning follows. The safe rule is never to dive into waters until they are thoroughly explored.

Close to ninety percent of all cases where swimmers get into trouble come from inhaling water, the phenomenon commonly referred to as "getting a mouthful of water." If the swimmer gets panicky as he begins to choke, he throws up his hands, a natural gesture. Then, of course, he is in serious trouble, for he ships more water.

A really competent swimmer seldom gets into this plight, since he knows how to breathe. If he does get a mouthful it is invariably through carelessness. And if he is really at home in the water he fights off the choking and presently is in control of the situation.

Right here let me point out that swimming alone in deep water is one of the gravest dangers to which swimmers subject themselves. Here is what we call the buddy system: Never go away from shore without a buddy to rely on. Few expert swimmers will take a chance alone because they realize that even they may get in danger. The more expert the swimmer, the fewer chances of any kind he takes. He has for water the thorough respect of one who knows it as an ever-dangerous adversary.

A companion to the buddy rule is that a competent swimmer who goes out in a boat or canoe should know what type of swimmers are with him. Never should there be more than one non-swimmer or novice for each expert. One rescue at a time is enough to expect of anybody. Once

I pulled in three drowning small boys like a train of cars, because there wasn't leeway to rescue them one at a time. I was twenty years old and as strong as a horse, but it took me a week to recover.

Cramps cause few drownings. I have never personally known of anybody getting into trouble from stomach cramps, which by popular belief are the deadliest.



Tom Robinson

Leg or arm cramps seriously affect only incompetent swimmers, since a workmanlike swimmer can get along nicely with only his arms or only his legs. Except for ice-water swimming, leg cramp comes close to shore because the swimmer has walked into deep water on his toes. The cramp strikes in his first half-dozen strokes, so he returns to the shallows without trouble.

One precaution that comparatively few swimmers take is to learn to navigate in their clothing. The American Red Cross tests for a life saver require that he dive into the water fully clothed, disrobe and swim a hundred yards. In all my classes we have a harder test. They have to swim a hundred yards fully clothed. Many a rescue permits no time for undressing. Or the swimmer may be unable to get his clothing off because of excitement or knotted shoelaces. And if you think that because you can swim a quarter-mile in a bathing suit you can swim a considerable distance wearing a pair of shoes, try it.

So far I have confined this article to safety, and beginners' swimming. Another aspect of swimming is fascinating to experts—the whole subject of racing competition. It is too technical to treat here. As it happens, I consider my chief job that of teaching swimming as a means of self-defense and life-saving. But competitive athletics are spectacular while classwork is inconspicuous. So I am known as a coach of racing swimmers.

We have had at Northwestern University an extraordinary record in aquatic competition. In twenty-three years we have won the Big Ten Conference championship ten times, and have placed not lower than second all but three times. Our teams won championships in water basketball three times out of nine, in water polo six times out of eight. In the ten years of the National Intercollegiate meet, Northwestern has won five times, including this year. With A. A. U. victories, A. A. F. victories, and so on, Northwestern teams have actually won thirty-one championships in twenty-three years of water competition. Half a dozen of our swimmers have made Olympic teams, some of them winning their events.

Parents have a growing fear that youngsters who become extraordinarily good in any type of athletics will be ruined for life, by a swelled head if not by over-exertion. We have never had any evidence of this with our swimmers. Since 1910, exactly 168 men have won their varsity N in swimming at Northwestern. I know the whereabouts and records of at least ninety-five percent of them. With the exception of one man killed in the war, they are in good health and are capable men in business or the professions.

No doubt I am partial. But I believe there is something about swimming competition that leads to exceptionally fine development of character as well as body. Learning to swim is easy, but learning the technique of speed swimming involves patience, persistence, intelligence, general force of character. I have never known a great swimmer who was stupid, and very few who have shown any vicious traits.

No other sport equals swimming as both a sport and developer. It builds character, it makes for good sportsmanship; when you are swimming you have the water as your competitor every yard of the way.

More than any other sport, swimming can be enjoyed from infancy to old age, during the entire life span. It is an essential means of self-defense, and is likewise extremely important for its value in saving other people's lives.

Swimming needs to be extended, intensified, popularized in this country. Last summer, for the first time since 1906, American swimmers failed to win in the Olympic games. The Japanese swept us off the score—not through any new strokes, as some people have thought, but because practically every Japanese swims from childhood, because they have been training young boys to perfection, and they came over and beat us fairly at our own specialty.

Right there is another reason why I hope to see a new enthusiasm for swimming sweep this country during the next year. For if we are to regain our leadership, we must begin right away to develop youngsters who can beat the Japanese in 1936.

On to Peking!

(Continued from page 25)

now out of danger. This brought congratulations for another beat.

Having made one editor happy, I wanted to make another happy. I also represented *Collier's Weekly*, which then paid much attention to news pictures and news events. A fast Canadian steamer was about to sail from Shanghai by the short route across the Pacific to Vancouver. Her mail pouches would be in New York nearly two weeks before the next steamer's.

I boarded her, and on the way to Nagasaki, Japan, I developed all my photographs of the fighting at Tientsin, and wrote my mail story. The whole made a broadside which was on the newsstands before the daily papers had received any photographs.

Every turn of the screw of the steamer which took me from Nagasaki to the front sounded the question if I would be on time for the final drama of the relief of the legations—for that filthy, exasperating, boiling, frying, emaciating, unsurpassedly interesting march to Peking. I caught up with it before it was far beyond Tienstin. I am a poor man, but I would not part with its memory for much cash, or do it over again for more cash.

Strung out on the march were the troops of all the western nations. The Japanese, having the largest number, led the advance; the Russians, having the next largest number, came next; then the Americans, followed by the contingents of the other Allies, and sailors and marines. The British had native soldiers from India, Sikhs and Pathans, Hindus and Mohammedans. The lances of the turbaned Bengal Lancers flashed above the millet. Among the French, beside the French regulars and white Colonial troops, were the quaint Annamites from French Indo-China. Samples of all the kinds of soldiers in the world, that were supposed to act as a single force, were not caring much what happened to them if they could escape sunstroke and the stinks.

Oh, all the kinds of groans and curses that famished soldiers ever uttered as the different contingents waited for rations to come up after camp was made at night! The fact was that nobody had enough to eat—and leave it at that. Only the Russians had rolling kitchens. They did not come into use for our Army until the World War.

But hunger and dust were only a part of the strange picture. I must mention sanitation, of which, generally speaking, there was none. For a large part of the way the march was close to a river in which floated still other filth than dead horses and dead Chinese. The memory of a plunge in that river to help out a soldier who did not seem to know how to swim, centers on my revulsion at the stench. I concluded that we had both better have drowned.

JULY, 1933

No scientist was along to compute the number of germs in each square inch of dust we breathed. Clouds of flies from the dead and the filth of all kinds lighted on any scrap of food to encourage your digestion. Hiking in the Philippine jungle or mushing over the ice cakes in Alaska was comparative paradise.

Never have I suffered so from thirst. The heat was a suction pump drawing the moisture out of you; the dust parched mouth, throat, and lungs. In agony I turned my face away from the sight of water lest agony's call prevail over reason and will—the agony which soldiers of all nations, races and colors in that heterogeneous column shared in common—the agony which made them humanly akin.

"Water! Water! I must have water!" With this husky cry soldiers broke past their officers and drank from wells into which sewage flowed. The penalty was dysentery and worse effects from which they did not recover for years, or maybe, at all.

Every night I managed to boil a quantity of water, and before I began the next day's march I drank all I could hold. Then I filled two canteens, one for other thirsty men, and one for myself—and so saw the day through until I could boil more water.

In silent moments we heard the pitiful cries of hungering, deserted Chinese in the fields. True to their ancestor cult, when Chinese families fled before the advance of the "foreign devils," they took grandfather and grandmother first, and the children last. At dusk, one evening, I saw a Chinese boy of four crawl out on the road, as the cart train of the Eastern Asiatic Russian contingent was passing. One of the carters stove in the child's head with the heel of his hobnailed boot. I think all that saved me—this and callous exhaustion—from making personal war on the brute was that an unfordable canal was between him and me. Any interference would have resulted in an international incident.

The sides of the road were spotted with the prostrate figures of all nations. At night the stragglers who were not picked up by the overworked ambulances, or carried to a hospital junk on the river, strove to catch up with their units. The helpless native troops would be vainly asking the way in a language other contingents could not understand. And marking the course of the march were waterpuffs, bits of tentage, packs, and blankets which had been discarded as burdens of hot lead.

The farther the column advanced, the weaker it grew, and the slower it marched. It was a fight against distance, hunger, and exhaustion, when there was only a little guerilla action by the Boxers, toward the last, against the Japanese skirmish line. I was sore from prickly heat from head to foot. My food (Continued on page 60)

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| 29x5.25-18 | 2.65 | 1.15 | 34x4.5 | 2.95 | 1.15 |
| 29x5.25-19 | 2.75 | 1.15 | 35x5 | 3.25 | 1.35 |
| 30x5.25-20 | 2.75 | 1.15 | 35x5.5 | 3.25 | 1.45 |
| 31x5.25-21 | 2.95 | 1.15 | | | |
| 29x5.50-18 | 2.95 | 1.15 | | | |
| 29x5.50-19 | 2.95 | 1.15 | | | |
| 30x6.00-18 | 2.95 | 1.15 | | | |
| 31x6.00-19 | 2.95 | 1.15 | | | |
| 32x6.00-20 | 3.00 | 1.25 | | | |
| 33x6.00-21 | 3.20 | 1.25 | | | |
| 32x6.50-20 | 3.20 | 1.35 | | | |

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On to Peking!

(Continued from page 59)

was mostly field corn, which was practically ripe, and the boiled water which was soupy enough to have some substance to it. I was better off than some of my colleagues who retched so from the stinks that they could not get the corn down.

THE Americans had been first into the Legation quarter with very little opposition. The Boxers' siege had grown feeble, they had nearly all fled upon the approach of the relieving column. All the Legation folk had put on their good clothes, white trousers and lawn dresses, to welcome the rescuers who were about the gauntest lot of soldiers I have ever seen, and filthy in their sweat-caked dust.

Now I had a friend in the American Legation, and had kept wondering about his fate. If alive I imagined him hollow-eyed, faint, his unkempt whiskers covered with blue mold, as he came out of a dug-out. In Tientsin I had bought a pint of Bass' ale for two dollars and a half. Throughout that march, with my tongue hanging out in the dust, I had safeguarded it as a present for him.

"What can I give you to drink?" he asked when, appearing quite well groomed and fed, he greeted me. "We have some beer and Scotch."

"Beer," I replied, and kept the Bass for myself.

Major General Adna R. Chaffee, a Civil War veteran, with a face cut out of sandstone, had commanded the American contingent. To Chaffee, a lie was a lie, and a liar was a liar, no matter who told it or what his rank. He would not shake hands with the Russian general, because the Russian general had lied to him. This promised to be an international incident until all the other Allied generals applauded Chaffee for saying out loud what they thought. And Chaffee's Americans did no looting. They took no valuable porcelains, bolts of silk, or silver out of cellars. "We're soldiers, not robbers," said Chaffee.

He had a summary way, as the Americans drove through the many compounds of the Imperial City, of opening the heavy doors between the compounds. A shell was fired point blank from a field gun into the lock. After a lock was broken we rushed through the doorway and followed the wall of the compound. The Chinese defenders had some of the two-men rifles, called "gingals," which fired a lead slug of about an inch calibre. As we halted a minute after entering a doorway, one bullet from a gingal hit the wall at my side just in front of my Adam's apple and the other just back of my neck. Another explosion, as another door was blown open, ended the sniping, and we were one compound nearer to the holy of holies of the Manchu kings. Then word came that orders were to advance no farther.

In a military sense the most significant impression of the March to Peking came when a Russian regiment on one side of the road and a Japanese on the other were advancing to clear the path of Boxers. The big Russians, with their clumsy coats, could not keep pace with the snappy little Japanese. With the cloud of the coming Russo-Japanese War already on the horizon it did not take a prophet, nor the son of a prophet, to foresee that the Russians would be in for a surprise. My conviction was further confirmed the next year, when I crossed Siberia where the triumphal arches of welcome to the new Czar Nicholas II—who was dethroned and killed by the Bolsheviks sixteen years later—still marked the route of his tour of his vast eastern domain.

How mighty was the Russia of that day in world eyes! Turkey and Austria feared her. Germany held her immense numbers and resources in awe. The bear that walked like a man, as Kipling described Russia, threatened to reach over the Himalayan passes and embrace British India. Only little Japan stood against the march of the booted millions of Russian soldiers to make China her own.

Senator Albert J. Beveridge and Senator Henry Cabot Lodge traveled in Russia at the same time as myself. Beveridge's view differed from Lodge's and this humble writer's own. Beveridge said that in the event of war Russia would sweep Japan's army into the sea and take her northern island. He went as the guest of high officials and heard their talk. Lodge went as an everyday tourist, who saw as I saw, that Russia was a shambling, loose-jointed mammoth, corrupt, without industrial strength, with a thin upper crust of aristocracy and beneath it the hordes of illiterate masses.

BEFORE I started for Japan, when the threats of war became acute, people I met in Washington thought I was crazy when I said that Japan would win the early battles at least—it was a clumsy behemoth against an agile fencer.

"You ought to know!" exclaimed President Theodore Roosevelt, his blue eyes eager and curious. "Little David against Goliath! We shall see, if they fight."

And one early spring day I sat on a bluff overlooking the Yalu River for the first battle of the greatest war since the Franco-Prussian of 1870-71—the first meeting of vast armies for thirty-four years, and of a modern trained army of Asiatic power against a European, or half-European nation. In their own minds the Japanese put it even more simply. It was the yellow soldier against the white soldier. Japanese generalship and statesmanship would make sure that the first battle would be a Japanese victory. Then the Japanese soldier

would no longer feel any awe of the white man's prestige. He would think, "I have met the mighty white man, and I have beaten him."

Fifty thousand Japanese crossed the bridges they had built over the Yalu and drove back the outpost army of five thousand Russians. The action was like a maneuver, everything went as planned. This did not happen in future battles. The Japanese had to fight hard for their later victories, but they kept on winning.

THE Japanese were not afraid to pay the price in cost of lives. Dying or fighting, they smiled. That was the cult. I saw them smiling as they pushed in legs and arms of the dead between the layers of wood in their cremations after battle.

The only foreigners with the Japanese army were the groups of foreign military attachés and correspondents so eager to see the first great war with modern arms. Its lessons the Germans were quickly to apply for use in the World War—and other European nations were not, at the cost of their soldiers' lives. Modern, then—but no automobiles, no motor trucks, and no airplanes. Wilbur Wright was making his experimental flights. If the Russians had had a single airplane they would have discovered the surprise flanking movement by fifty thousand men which enabled the Japanese to win the battle of Mukden.

Among our attachés with Kuroki's army, which I followed through the eighteen months' campaign, were the then Captain John J. Pershing, the future Commander-in-Chief of the A. E. F., and Captain Peyton C. March, our future Chief of Staff in the World War. Then Colonel Enoch H. Crowder, the "father of the draft" of 1917-18, I had known in the Philippines. "There you have the American interest. So I give this war, which looked small only after we had the World War, comparatively little attention.

Week after week our group of correspondents in their camp, with their own transport and supplies, waited for the next great battle. War correspondence had lost its old freedom and excitement. It had become stereotyped. In common with the attachés we were herded within strict confines under conducting officers, who told us how far and where we might go.

Most vivid of memories is the most extensive battle picture of my experience. From a high ridge I looked down upon at least four hundred thousand men in action, their lines marked by the flashes of the guns—the living whole of the Battle of Liaoyang, as distinct as if it were drawn on paper. For ten days that battle lasted; and, finally, the Japanese right—gaining and losing and gaining and losing, and at last holding for good—that little "pancake hill" which threatened the Russian line of

retreat—and the Czar's men-children had to go. I never was able to see at one time half as many men in action in the World War.

When I was home from the front in the winter of 1904-05, President Theodore Roosevelt asked me many questions which seemed to jump hither and thither over a wide field.

"I know what I am going to do when the time comes," he said, suddenly. Then I understood the object of the questions.

"Yes, Mr. President, you are going to make the peace."

"So I plan," he replied. "But don't you tell anybody."

The final victory of Mukden, in which five or six hundred thousand men were engaged, cost the Japanese gigantic losses. They were fought out. Soon Russia, drawing on her immense reserves of man-power, had numbers exceeding the Japanese. To Japan the question her statesmen asked at

the outset of the war became acute. How was she to force a peace?

Her army was not yet even in the border of Siberia, five thousand miles from the Russian capital. Beating Russia had ever been like sweeping back the snow in a storm. The more you swept, the more snow banked up in the impenetrable distances. Russia had only to stick it to win, and she would have stuck it under one of her iron Czars. Under the weak Nicholas II she yielded at the Portsmouth peace conference which Roosevelt generated.

Having seen the greatest war of the time, I was again certain I was through with wars. But there were little wars coming before the World War. Through a span of thirty years I could have seen a war every year had I chosen.

Another instalment of Frederick Palmer's reminiscences will appear in a forthcoming issue of the Monthly.

Who Said Paper-Work?

(Continued from page 38)

had a chance to see much of Holland, Belgium and Germany, and got paid for doing it."

ALL roads lead to Chicago, October second to fifth. The Legion National Convention, the Century of Progress Exposition, and innumerable outfit reunions.

If your outfit needs a headquarters, banquet hall, meeting place or assistance in arranging entertainment, write to Sidney T. Holzman, Chairman of Reunions, in care of Judge E. K. Jarecki, County Building, Chicago. Report the reunion to The Company Clerk at the same time, so it may be announced in these columns.

Detailed information regarding the following Chicago convention reunions may be obtained from the persons whose names and addresses appear:

NATIONAL YEOMEN (F)—Reunion. Mrs. Nell W. Halstead, 7136 East End av., Chicago, Mrs. Donna G. Akin, 4560 Millersville rd., Indianapolis, Miss Mollie C. Dundon, 635 Saratoga st., East Boston, Mass.

SOCIETY OF FIRST DIV., A. E. F.—Annual reunion. Headquarters, Hotel Sherman, Randolph & Clark sts., Chicago, where dinner, annual meeting and dance will be held on Oct. 2. Three-dollar fee includes all reunion entertainment. Gen. Summerall and other C. O.'s to attend. D. E. Meeker, Room 308, 1 Hansen pl., Brooklyn, N. Y.

5TH DIV.—Reunion and proposed organization of divisional association. Owen C. Trainor, 1247 Daisy av., Long Beach, Calif.

92D DIV.—Reunion. Harold M. Tyler, 5501 Prairie av., Chicago.

4TH MARINES—Annual reunion, Wed., Oct. 4. Archie M. Benson, chmn., Reunion Comm., 423 County bldg., Chicago.

8TH INF., REG. U. S. Army—Organization and reunion meeting. Col. Morris M. Keck, U. S. Army, Federal bldg., Chicago, or Paul G. Armstrong, 209 N. La Salle st., Chicago.

129TH INF., Hq. Co.—Reunion, Sept. 27 to Oct. 6. Capt. George A. Burton, 111 W. Washington st., Chicago.

365TH INF., 92D Div.—Chauncey D. Clarke, 5742 S. Parkway av., Chicago.

326TH M. G. BN., Co. D—Reunion and dinner, Walter M. Wood, Box 1001, Portsmouth, Ohio.

14TH F. A. BAND AND POST FIELD BAND (Ft. Sill and Post Field, Okla.)—A. L. Scott, Box 208, Paducah, Ky.

6TH F. S. BN.—Walter A. Firestone, Larwill, Ind., or Clare L. Moon, Niles, Mich.

419TH TEL. BN.—Reunion. Members asked also to send pictures, maps, stories, etc., for proposed history to ex-Sgt. H. T. Madden, 5931 Wayside av., Cincinnati, Ohio.

21ST ENGRS., L. R. Soc.—Organized Camp Grant, Ill., 1917. All out for Chicago, 1933. L. J. McClurg, secy-treas., 8535 Oglesby av., Chicago.

28TH ENGRS.—Erick O. Meling, 2046 N. Spaulding av., Chicago.

31ST RY. ENGRS., A. E. F.—F. E. Love, secy-treas., 104½ First st., SW., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

36TH ENGRS.—H. J. Arens, 3516 S. Halsted st., Chicago.

39TH ENGRS., RY. OPERATING BN.—Reunion, Hotel Atlantic, Chicago, Oct. 3. B. E. Ryan, secy., 308 Central st., Elkins, W. Va.

56TH AND 603D ENGRS. (SEARCHLIGHT)—W. H. White, 4831 Park av., South, Minneapolis, Minn.

60TH RY. ENGRS., A. E. F.—L. H. Foord, adjt., 3318 Flower st., Huntington Park, Calif.

71ST AND 604TH ENGRS.—Louis D. Mickles, 604 Commerce bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.

118TH ENGRS., Ft. Benj. Harrison and A. E. F.—All veterans invited to register by mail with Illinois Central Post of the Legion, Chicago, for proposed reunion and entertainment during convention. Clyde D. Burton, adjt., 1171 E. 43d st., Chicago, Ill.

213TH ENGRS., 13TH Div.—Proposed organization and reunion meeting. Truman S. Clark, 4553 N. Lincoln st., Chicago, Ill.

527TH ENGRS.—Tues., Oct. 3. Maj. Edwin M. Sincere, Steger bldg., 28 E. Jackson blvd., Chicago.

R. R. & C., or BILLETING SERVICE, Base Sec. No. 2, Bordeaux—Proposed reunion. R. R. Brinkerhoff, Utica, Ohio.

MOTOR TRUCK CO. No. 411—Reunion dinner. Leroy C. Hanby, Connersville, Ind.

100TH SUP. TRN., Co. A—W. M. Applegate, 6033 Champlain av., Chicago.

323D SUP. CO., Q. M. C., and Hq. Co., A. P. O. 910—Proposed organization and reunion. J. J. Crean, Box 163, New Britain, Conn., or V. J. Bormann, Decatur, Ind.

M. L. Cos, 304-5-6-7-8, and CAS. Co. No. 5, Q. M. C.—D. V. Dake, 38 Hobart sq., Whitman, Mass.

4TH ANTI-AIRCRAFT BN., C. A. C.—George A. Carman, Buffalo Center, Iowa.

C. A. C.—All C. A. C. Batteries will have headquarters at Taylor Post, A. L., Club Rooms, 1358 N. Clark st., Chicago. Reunion—banquet. J. A. Donnelly, 516 West Seminary, Wheaton, Ill.

1ST SEP. BGDE., C. A. C., Assoc.—Reunion banquet. Wm. G. Kuenzel, 24 Gilman st., Holyoke, Mass.

TANK CORPS VETS.—N. Salowich, 1401 Barlum Tower, Detroit, or C. L. Lewellen, 4565 Newport av., Detroit, Mich.

NATL. AMERICAN BALLOON CORPS VETS.—Wilford L. Jessup, Daily News Searchlight, Bremerton, Wash., or Craig S. Herbert, 3333 N. 18th st., Philadelphia, Pa.

17TH BALLOON CO.—G. W. Palmer, 415 E. Main st., Logansport, Ind., or W. W. Laird, 3321 Virginia av., Sioux City, Iowa.

28TH AERO SQDRN.—Organization and reunion. Daniel W. Thurman, P. O. Box 1177, Pampa, Texas.

37TH AERO SQDRN.—George J. Yepsen, 208 N. Wells st., or H. E. Holloway, 7205 Van Buren av., Hammond, Ind.

802D AERO REPAIR SQDRN., Issoudun, France—Frank L. Mullett, 28 Pearl st., Medford, Mass.

CAS. Co. No. 5, Q. M. C.—D. V. Dake, 38 Hobart sq., Whitman, Mass.

Q. M. DET., Issoudun, France—Proposed reunion. Charles A. La Salle, 510 S. Woodlawn av., Wheaton, Ill., or Frank L. Mullett, 28 Pearl st., Medford, Mass.

BATTLE SURVIVORS OF OLD BREWERY DETS 2 AND 3, Q. M. C., Newport News (Continued on page 62)

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| 28x4.75-19 | 2.25 | 30x3.50 | 2.75 |
| 28x4.75-20 | 2.25 | 30x3.50 | 2.75 |
| 28x5.00-19 | 2.60 | 30x3.50 | 2.75 |
| 28x5.00-20 | 2.60 | 30x3.50 | 2.75 |
| 28x5.25-18 | 2.65 | 30x3.50 | 2.75 |
| 28x5.25-19 | 2.75 | 30x3.50 | 2.75 |
| 28x5.25-20 | 2.75 | 30x3.50 | 2.75 |
| 28x5.50-18 | 2.95 | 30x3.50 | 2.75 |
| 28x5.50-19 | 2.95 | 30x3.50 | 2.75 |
| 28x5.50-20 | 2.95 | 30x3.50 | 2.75 |
| 28x6.00-18 | 3.00 | 30x3.50 | 2.75 |
| 28x6.00-19 | 3.00 | 30x3.50 | 2.75 |
| 28x6.00-20 | 3.00 | 30x3.50 | 2.75 |
| 28x6.50-18 | 3.20 | 30x3.50 | 2.75 |
| 28x6.50-19 | 3.20 | 30x3.50 | 2.75 |
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Indianapolis, Indiana.**

Who Said Paper-Work?

(Continued from page 61)

— Reunion, Atlantic Hotel, Chicago. Walter McLain, Ottumwa, Iowa.

Post Q. M. DET., Gievres, A. P. O. 713, also 1st Clerical Co., Camp Johnston, Fla.—Joseph C. Williamson, Route 1, Box 113, Argos, Ind.

31st MI. P. Co., A. 80th Div.—Vets. of Canip Grant, 1917-18. Earl L. Salomon, 318 W. Randolph st., Chicago.

LA SOCIÉTÉ DES SOLDATS DE VERNEUIL (BASE SPARE PARTS 1, 2 AND 3, M. T. C. 327)—Fifth annual reunion, Midland Club, 172 West Adams st., Chicago, Ill., Oct. 3. B. C. Petersen, Jr., secrétaire, 920 Arlington st., La Grange, Ill.

M. T. C. VYRNEUIL VETS.—Hilmer Gellein, secy., P. O. Box 772, Detroit, Mich.

AMERICAN R. R. TRANS. CORPS A. E. F. VETS.—National meeting. Gerald J. Murray, natl. adjt., 520 Taylor av., Scranton, Pa.

MOTOR TRANS. CO. 688—Proposed reunion. Edward T. Gorgen, 5116 N. Claremont av., Chicago.

15th U. S. CAV., TROOP I—Louis "Duke" Jannotto, 10208 Yates av., Chicago.

3d ORD. BN., St. Loubes, Gironde, France —J. J. Coats, former C. O., Shell Lake, Wisc.

NORTH SEA MINE-LAYING FLEET AND MINE-SWEEPERS (both shore station and ships' crews)—Reunion, Oct. 3. Hq. in U. S. N. R. Armory, foot of Randolph st., on Lake Michigan. Ralph R. Maloney, Joliet Natl. Bank bldg., Joliet, Ill.

NAVY RADIO OPERATORS—Reunion, especially of those trained at Great Lakes, Harvard Radio School and New London Phone School. Norbert C. Knapp, 435 Turner av., Glen Ellyn, Ill.

U. S. S. *Antigone* and Saunders Range, Glenburnie, Md.—Oscar Hennes, 139 Pipestone st., Benton Harbor, Mich.

U. S. S. *Black Arrow* (formerly S. S. *Rhaetia* and *Black Hawk*) Armed Guard—Louis R. Dennis, 5111 Quarters st., N. E., Washington, D. C.

U. S. S. *Camden*, *Arctusa*, *Turkey* and *Maryland*—C. F. Speraw, c/o P. O., Harrisburg, Pa.

U. S. S. *El Sol*—Proposed reunion. Roy A. Glaser, 193 Orchard st., Elmhurst, Ill.

U. S. S. *Kansas* BLACK GANG—T. J. McCarthy, 711 Euclid av., Chicago, or R. T. Woodville, 2754 Osgood st., Chicago.

U. S. S. *Manta*—Wm. J. Johnson, 6358 Peoria st., Chicago.

U. S. S. *Mississippi*—Lester H. Bishop, 2205 Sixth st., Monroe, Wisc.

U. S. S. *President Lincoln*—In addition to annual reunion on May 31, anniversary of sinking of the ship, a special reunion will be held in Chicago during Legion convention. Stephen A. Jusko, 902 N. Francisco av., Chicago.

U. S. S. *Rhode Island*—S. W. Leighton, 1118 S. Elmwood av., Oak Park, Ill.

U. S. S. *West-Pool*—Frank Noelke, Motor City Post, A. L., 658 Ledyard st., Detroit, Mich.

U. S. NAVAL BASE NO. 17, Scotland—Michael J. Leary, 5249 Cabanne av., St. Louis, Mo.

U. S. SUBMARINE BASES OR TENDERS, April, 1917, to July, 1921—Reunion under auspices World War Submarine Vets. Assoc. Irving H. Hunecker, 833 South Blvd., Evanston, Ill.

BASE HOSP., Camp MacArthur, Tex.—Entire staff. Sam L. Iskiwitch, 4257 Archer av., Chicago, Ill.

EVAC. HOSP. NO. 3—Guy R. Walther, 118 W. Cherry st., Winslow, Ariz.

EVAC. HOSP. NO. 6 VETS. ASSOC.—Reunion. History available. R. I. Prentiss, pres., Lexington, Mass. 128th AMB. CO., 32d DIV.—Clarke W. Cummings, 400 Green av., Bay City, Mich.

AMB. CO. 129, 108th SAN. TRN., 33d DIV.—Fred S. Kahn, secy., 228 N. La Salle st., Room 1564, Chicago.

ADV. MED. SUP. DEPT. NO. 1, A. P. O. 712—Philip W. Seyfarth, First Natl. Bank, Blue Island, Ill.

NATIONAL GUARD ASSOC. OF THE U. S.—Reunion, Chicago, Sept. 27-29. Col. Diller S. Meyers, Hq., 33d Div., office of C. G., 33 N. La Salle st., Chicago.

PULASKI POST, THE AMERICAN LEGION, will hold open house at its Memorial Home, 1558 N. Hoyne av., Chicago, for all veterans of POLISH extraction during convention. Club house is a short distance from center of city. Felix A. Kempski, comdr., 2843 N. Mobile av., Chicago.

DORR FIELD MASONIC CLUB, Arcadia, Fla.—Leo Mayer, 614 E. 63d st., Chicago.

Aug. 13, during Department Legion convention. A. E. Baron, La Crescenta, Calif.

29th DIV. ASSOC.—Reunion, Newark, N. J., Oct. 7-8. H. J. Lepper, secy., 343 High st., Newark.

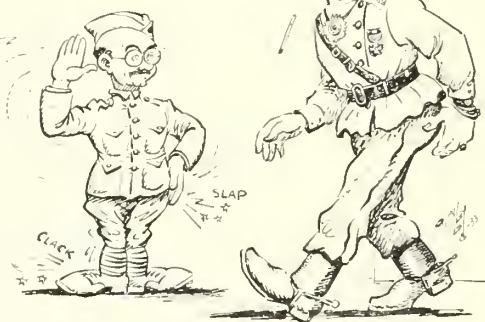
35th DIV.—64-page Pictorial History, including about 200 photographs of divisional activities, ready for publication. To determine press run, former members write to R. L. Carter, 1218 Olive st., St. Louis, Mo.

RAINBOW DIVISION—Annual reunion, Chicago, Ill., July 13-15. Headquarters at Hotel Sherman. Col. Noble Brandon Judah, 134 S. LaSalle St., Chicago.

RAINBOW DIV. VETS.—The *Rainbow Revue* is your magazine; write for free copy and state company and regiment with which you served. K. A. Sutherland, editor, 1213 Sonora av., Glendale, Calif.

81st (WILDCAT) DIV.—Reunion, Winston-Salem, N. C., July 2-5. Special railroad rate. Gen. Bailey and staff will attend. James E. Cahall, natl. adjt., 2028 Portner pl., N. W., Washington, D. C.

(Big day in life of 'Saluting Demon'—rare opportunity to try out his conception of Russian salute presents itself in Paris in 1918)



91st DIV. ASSOC., NO. CALIF. SECTOR—Compiling roster of division. Send information and news of comrades, also names for roster, to Secy. Albert G. Boss, 624 Market st., San Francisco, Calif.

20th INF. VETS. ASSOC. (20th INF., 1864-1933, ALSO 42d, 43d AND 70th INF.)—Reunion, Milwaukee, Wisc., Aug. 27-31. Ed. Robinson, 819 Sycamore st., Kokomo, Ind., or Claude Webster, Westmont, Ill., or to Headquarters, 1934-23d st., A. Moline, Ill.

114th INF. ASSOC.—Reunion, Pompton Lakes, N. J., July 29-30. H. J. Lepper, secy., 343 High st., Newark, N. J.

316th INF. ASSOC.—14th annual reunion, Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 26, at conclusion of Dept. Convention of Pennsylvania Legion. Raymond A. Cullen, 6562 Windsor av., Philadelphia, Pa.

353d (ALL KANSAS) INF. SOC.—Convention and reunion, Abilene, Kans., Sept. 2-4. Headquarters at Sunflower Hotel. Milton Jones, Abilene.

138th INF., CO. K—To complete roster, former members report to Charles W. Haill, 924 Chemical bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

168th INF., CO. I—Annual reunion, Glenwood, Iowa, July 28. Philip E. Minner, 1 Vine st. Apts., Council Bluffs, Iowa.

356th INF., CO. C—Former members interested in proposed reunion this summer, write to Ray W. Miller, 317 E. Santa Fe av., Marceline, Mo.

ORIGINAL M. G. CO., 7th REGT., N. Y. N. G. (later Co. M, 107th INF.)—About seventy veterans of this outfit are entitled to the Purple Heart. All are requested to send names and addresses to Capt. Hugh W. Andes, 7th Regt. Armory, 643 Park av., New York, N. Y.

56th PIONEER INF.—Meeting of North Carolina Assoc. at Monroe, N. C., Aug. 8. Louie F. Hart, pres., Monroe, N. C.

Hq. and TROOP I, 28th DIV.—Reunion at 40/8 bungalow, Chillisquaque Creek, Sunbury, Pa., June 17. To complete roster, all members report to Paul St. Clair, Sunbury.

316th F. S. BN. VETS. ASSOC.—Compiling directory of all who served in Camp Lewis and A. E. F., for distribution to members. Send names, addresses, rank and company to R. Howry, 41 First st., San Francisco, Calif.

6th F. A. (incl. BTRY. K, 1st ART., and BTRY. B, 4th ART. prior to 1901; also 2d, 7th, 20th, 21st, 22d and 25th SEP. BTRIES of F. A. prior to 1907)—Complete history of 6th F. A., including earlier units, from 1798, is ready for publication. To determine press run and cost, all members interested write to Capt. John H. Ewe, adjt., 6th F. A., Fort Hoyle, Md.

11th F. A.—Annual reunion, Altoona, Pa., Sept. 2-4 (Labor Day week-end). R. C. Dickieson, secy., 4816-47th st., Woodside, N. Y.

12th F. A., BTRY. C, 2d DIV.—Reunion and dinner,

Chicago, Ill., July 20-22. Mac M. McClure, secy., c/o Inland Steel Co., Indiana Harbor, Ind.

51st F. A., BTRY. A (formerly TROOP A, 307th CAV.)—Members desiring copy of roster, write to ex-1st Sgt. Howard L. Peters, Box 305, Brackettsville, Tex.

51st ART., C. A. C., BTRY. H—Reunion during Department Legion convention, Portland, Me., July 3-5. Harrison R. Andrews, 730 Main st., Westbrook, Me.

97th Co., 6th MARINES—Annual reunion, Hotel La Salle, Chicago, Ill., July 20-22, conjunction 2d Div. reunion. Bill Rasmussen, 2611 Wilson av., Chicago.

312th FIELD REMOUNT SQDRN.—Reunion and proposed organization. Howard Jones, R. R. 2, Polk, Ohio, or Lee Kutz, 3923 Chouteau av., St. Louis, Mo.

34th REGT. ENGRS.—5th annual reunion, Triangle Park, Dayton, Ohio, Sun., Sept. 3. Basket picnic. Hq. at Gibbons Hotel. George Remple, secy.-treas., 1225 Alberta st., Dayton.

107th ENGRS., 32d DIV.—4th annual reunion, Milwaukee, Wisc., Nov. 11. Jos. Irdlick, secy., 2209 N. 41st st., Milwaukee.

302d ENGRS.—Reunion in conjunction with Dept. Legion convention, Binghamton, N. Y., Aug. 31-Sept. 2. Fred A. Rupp, 28 E. 39th st., New York, N. Y.

308th ENGRS. ASSOC.—13th reunion, Cedar Point, Ohio, Aug. 5-6. Dedication of memorial plaque. F. J. Ritzenthaler, Sandusky, Ohio.

309th ENGRS.—10th annual reunion, Columbus, Ohio, Aug. 25-26. C. L. Orr, secy.-treas., 678 S. Remington rd., Columbus.

314th ENGRS. VETS. ASSOC., 89th DIV.—Reunion, St. Louis, Mo., in Oct. To complete roster, all veterans report to R. J. Walker, 2720 Ann av., St. Louis.

309th SUP. TRN., CO. F—7th annual meeting, Hotel Gibson, Cincinnati, Ohio, Aug. 19-20. C. C. Perry, Bardwell, Ky.

308th M. S. T. VETS. ASSOC.—8th annual reunion, Akron, Ohio, Sept. 2-4. Hq. at Hotel Mayflower. Harold A. Waltz, 1014 Second Natl. Bank bldg., Akron.

826th AERO SQDRN.—Annual reunion, Chicago, date to be announced. John D. Shoptaugh, 3119 Empire State bldg., New York City.

1st, 2d, 3d AND 4th REGTS., AIR SERV. MECH., A. E. F.—Seventh annual reunion, Morrison Hotel, Chicago, Ill., Aug. 31-Sept. 2. Thomas J. Leary, 7141 Jeffrey av., Chicago.

36th CO., U. S. MARINES—Reunion at Legion luncheon club, Hayward Hotel, Los Angeles, Calif., Aug. 22. Carl L. May, pres., 803 Law bldg., Los Angeles.

U. S. COAST GUARD CUTTER *Ossipee*—Proposed reunion in Boston, Mass., this fall. Edward Nelson, Room 63, City Hall, Portland, Me.

U. S. ARMY AMB. SERV. ASSOC.—To complete roster, all former members report to Edward C. Kemp, 6 Beacon st., Boston, or Wilbur P. Hunter, 5315 Chestnut st., Philadelphia, Pa.

AMB. CO. 35, 7th SAN. TRN., 7th DIV.—2d annual reunion, Terre Haute, Ind., Sept. 3. Harry E. Black, Box 153, Parnassus Sta., New Kensington, Pa.

3d ANTI-AIRCRAFT M. G. BN.—Reorganization and dinner in Aug. Report to L. C. Thompson, 7902 18th av., Brooklyn, N. Y., or Tom Walsh, 1972 E. 29th st., Brooklyn.

308th AM. TRN., CO. G—Reunion at Griggs storage dam, three miles northwest of Columbus, Ohio, Aug. 6. O. T. Dunlap, secy., Worthington, Ohio.

MARINES: BARNETT MEMORIAL FUND COMMITTEE—All former officers and men are invited to contribute not to exceed two dollars each to a fund being raised to erect a memorial to the late Major General George Barnett, U. S. Marine Corps, in the Washington (D. C.) Cathedral. Remittances may be made to Lt. Col. Chas. R. Sanderson, A. Q. M., U. S. M. C., Hq., U. S. Marine Corps, Navy bldg., Washington, D. C.

MARINE CORPS, 67th CO.—Proposed reunion. Alfred A. McCarty, Box 226, Thornwood, N. Y.

U. S. S. *Indiana* BAND—Annual reunion with Bill Avers, Port Clinton, Ohio, Sun., July 16. C. S. (Salty) Speck, secy., Pemberville, Ohio.

U. S. S. *Koningin der Nederlanden* Assoc.—To complete roster and arrange proposed reunion and dinner in San Francisco, members report to J. Herbert Franklin, scribe, 10 Diamond st., San Francisco, Calif.

U. S. S. *Minnesota*—Proposed reunion and dinner. Chas. F. Bowman, 348 W. Patriot st., Somerset, Pa.

VETS., MED. DET., JEFFERSON BARRACKS, MO., 1917-18—5th annual reunion, Post Hospital grounds. Jefferson Barracks, Sun., Sept. 3. J. T. Pinkston, 962 Paul Brown bldg., St. Louis, Mo., Roy Wentworth, Chamber of Commerce, St. Louis, or W. J. Meisenbach, 816 Peoria st., Peru, Ill.

16 CLUB—Proposed organization of veterans of all branches of service who were sixteen years old or less at time of enlistment. Andrew Vogt, 72 Adams st., Mount Vernon, N. Y.

ARMY FIELD CLERKS—Front and center! Those desiring to form permanent association, send data of service to Lawrence F. Deutzman, editor, *The Messenger*, Smithtown, L. I., N. Y.

WHILE we are unable to conduct a general missing persons column, we stand ready to assist in locating men

REUNIONS and other activities scheduled for places and times other than the National Convention, follow:

2d DIV. ASSOC., A. E. F.—15th annual convention, La Salle Hotel, Chicago, Ill., July 20-22. George V. Gordon, 427 County bldg., Chicago.

3d DIV. SOCIETY—Annual reunion and dinner, Hotel Victoria, New York City, July 14-15. Maj. Donald B. Adams, chmn., 63 Wall st., New York City.

3d DIV. MEN OF NEW ENGLAND—Reunion in conjunction with Department Legion convention, Portland, Me., July 3-5. All Marinen invited. Irving E. Hammond, 41 Clinton st., Portland.

7th DIV.—Annual reunion, Atlantic City, N. J., Sept. 2-4. Peter P. Zion, pres., 1111 Jefferson st., Philadelphia, Pa.

6th DIV.—Reunion banquet, Pasadena, Calif.,

whose statements are required in support of various claims. Queries and responses should be directed to the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, 600 Bond Building, Washington, D. C. The committee wants information in the following cases:

17TH F. A., BTRY, E, 2D DIV.—Statements wanted by Jeremiah ALDERLEY from PVTs. John J. Brown and Patrick May, Maj. McGETTRICK, and other officers and men who recall his court martial for alleged theft. ALDERLEY, sentenced for ten years on charge of grand larceny, spent four months in Ft. Jay, transferred to Ft. Leavenworth, Kans., in Oct., 1919, and released in Nov., 1919, without discharge or record of trial. He claims unjust conviction and wants his service record cleared.

17TH M. G. Bn., Co. A.—Statements from ex-Cpl. Thomas BELL and others who recall W. L. BRAINE being struck on head with rock during quarrel with BELL at Latrency, France, and being sent to camp hospital for treatment, May, 1919.

154TH DEPOT BRIG., 44TH Co., CAMP MEADE, Md.—Men who recall Sgt. Oliver E. Ford suffering with afflicted lung due to influenza, and to smoke while working with detail on dumps. Ford later sent to Development Bn.

GINSBERG, Jacob, ex-company clerk, BTRY, E, 309TH F. A., last heard from in Scranton, Pa., 1931. Missing.

MED. DEPT., 108TH INF., 27TH DIV.—Men who served under Capt. Jos. T. LAUGHLIN (now deceased) who recall John M. HAINES suffering back and abdominal injuries when shell exploded at St. Souplet and he fell with injured Australian he was carrying. Claims to have developed intestinal trouble as result.

HARKER, Fred M., former Sgt., Co. F, 18th F. A., and Troop C, 11th Cav., blue eyes, dark brown hair, dark complexion, 5 ft. 6 in., laborer, age 22. Missing since he disappeared from the Presidio, Monterey,

Calif., Apr. 5, 1920. Aged father is in need of aid. 18TH F. A., BTRY, E.—Former comrades of Clarence M. HENTZEL, Pvt. from Apr. 28, 1917, to Aug. 31, 1919, who died Jan. 22, 1932, can assist father with claim.

BASE HOSP., 117, A. E. F.—Statements from Capt. KLIMER (CLINE or KLINE), med. officer in charge of Ward 5, nurse, or patients McMILLAN, Cox and others, who recall Lloyd W. MELICK of Co. B, 110th Engrs., 35th Div., shell-shock case, being given eye treatment and fitted with glasses, during Dec., 1918.

127TH INF., Co. L, 32D DIV.—Veterans who were with Luke NASH when he and about eighteen other soldiers took refuge in ex-German bombproof, Sept. 15, 1918, during airplane raid. Bomb dropped, closed only opening and they had to dig their way out. NASH wounded Oct. 11 and evacuated.

THOMAS, Mrs. Edna Monroe (formerly of New Orleans, La.) or Mrs. Carrie THOMAS (formerly of Minter, Ala., and Selma, Ala.) Information regarding their whereabouts needed in connection with settling estate of Willie THOMAS.

317TH F. A., BTRY, D—Sgt. Howard L. WHITTAKER and others to assist Joe H. WILHITE in connection with claim account having had measles and spinal meningitis at Camp Jackson, S. C.

BASE HOSP., No. 71, A. E. F.—CARTER of Philadelphia, OLSEN of Montana, and others who recall William N. WELLS of Florida, Pvt., O. & T. C. T. No. 1, as patient in Ward No. 13 with trench throat.

388TH INF., Co. B, CAMP CODY, N. M.—Lt. Jack HORNER, Sgt. MEYERS, 1st Sgt. of company and any men who played in cage ball game, Nov. 16, 1918, to assist Lester VOSHELL, Pvt.

BASE HOSP., No. 48—Statements from comrades of Co. C, 104TH INF., 26TH DIV., who carried Petro MANCENE back to hospital about Oct. 15 to 20, 1918, and from Guerino SCARCHIA and Guy RIVA, fellow patients in hospital.

7TH F. A., BTRY, D, 1ST DIV.—Capt. PROCTOR, Cpl. FLANNIGAN and all others who recall Anton W. VERHOOLEN.

JOHN J. NOLL

The Company Clerk

3 Miles a Minute

(Continued from page 35)

the classes. In another way our post maintains interest in physical education. On the morning of each Fourth of July it conducts a track and field meet for boys and girls. Civic organizations provide individual trophies and the post offers a cup for the school whose pupils score the greatest number of points. Last year there were over 700 entries for the events which offer competition for athletes from kindergarten to college age."

Legion Model Airplane Contests

LOOKING forward to the holding of a national model airplane contest during the Legion's national convention in Chicago, October 2d to 5th, The American Legion Model Aviation League is now getting under way throughout the country under the direction of the National Aeronautics Commission of the Legion, whose chairman is E. V. Rickenbacker, war ace.

H. Weir Cook, director of the commission, writes from National Headquarters in Indianapolis that both indoor and outdoor contests will be held during the Chicago convention and that these, as well as post, district and department contests leading up to the Chicago contests, are open to junior and senior groups. The junior group includes boys from 10 to 15 and the senior, boys from 15 to 19. Newspapers ordinarily are more than willing to co-operate with posts in conducting the contests.

Department contests are planned to be held during each department convention of The American Legion. The winners of post

and district contests will be eligible to take part in the state contests, and the state winners may enter the contests at the national convention in Chicago.

Posts wishing to conduct contests may obtain rules and instructions by writing to Weir Cook, Director, Aeronautics Commission, The American Legion, Indianapolis, Indiana.

On to Chicago

THE AMERICAN LEGION'S Chicago national convention corporation has announced a plan by which many members of Legion posts and Auxiliary units will be able to obtain free trips to the national convention, October 2d to 5th. Joseph F. Novotny, president of the corporation, has sent to all posts a letter announcing that the Official American Legion National Convention Tour Bureau has been authorized to conduct voting contests in towns and cities under the auspices of posts and units, the prizes in these contests to be free trips to the convention. Posts and units will have the right to determine how the prize awards shall be made. The Tour Bureau is under the management of O. S. McPherson and Ivan I. Spear, who are also managing the Century of Progress Tour Bureau, official bureau of the World's Fair. The bureau is located at 29 South La Salle Street, Chicago.

WORLD WAR veterans who recall visiting the graphic pictorial representation of the World War known as the Pantheon de la (Continued on page 64)

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| 28x4.50-20 | 2.10 | 0.85 | 30x3 1/2 | 1.95 | 0.75 |
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| 28x4.75-19 | 2.20 | 0.95 | 32x4 | 2.75 | 0.85 |
| 28x4.75-20 | 2.20 | 0.95 | 33x4 | 2.75 | 0.85 |
| 29x5.00-19 | 2.60 | 1.05 | 34x4 | 2.95 | 1.15 |
| 30x5.00-20 | 2.60 | 1.05 | 35x4 1/2 | 2.95 | 1.15 |
| 28x5.25-18 | 2.65 | 1.15 | 36x5 | 3.25 | 1.45 |
| 28x5.25-19 | 2.75 | 1.15 | 38x6 | 3.25 | 1.45 |
| 30x5.25-20 | 2.75 | 1.15 | 38x6 1/2 | 3.25 | 1.45 |
| 31x5.25-21 | 2.85 | 1.15 | | | |
| 28x5.50-18 | 2.95 | 1.15 | | | |
| 28x5.50-19 | 2.95 | 1.15 | | | |
| 30x5.50-18 | 2.95 | 1.15 | | | |
| 31x6.00-19 | 2.95 | 1.15 | | | |
| 32x6.00-20 | 3.00 | 1.25 | | | |
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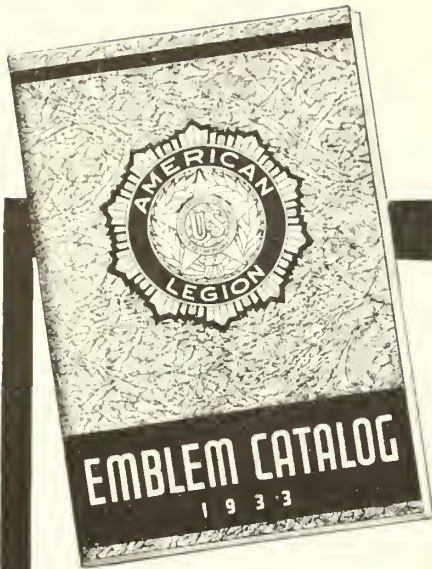
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3 Miles a Minute

(Continued from page 63)



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7-33

Guerre which was being exhibited in Paris in 1919, will be interested to know that this celebrated exhibit sponsored by Pershing Hall is being shown at the Century of Progress Exposition in Chicago and will, of course, continue to be on exhibition throughout the Legion's national convention. Pershing Hall was founded as a result of the action of the national convention of the Legion in Paris in 1927. It is headquarters of Paris Post and of the Department of France and maintains open house for all Legionnaires visiting Paris.

VOITURE 220 of the Forty and Eight, which has won many national awards for its activities, will be host to Legionnaires attending the World's Fair, not only during the period of the Legion's convention, October 2d to 5th, but all during the summer.

Louis W. Mack, who is general chairman of the Forty and Eight World's Fair Commission, sends word that Voiture 220 has established headquarters in the Sears Building near the main entrance to the World's Fair ground and will help visiting Legionnaires in any way possible.

LEGIONNAIRES planning to drive to the Chicago national convention in their own automobiles may obtain a set of state maps individually marked to show the best and shortest roads available by writing to the Conoco Travel Bureau, 1749 Glenarm Place, Denver, Colorado. This bureau, organized by the Continental Oil Company to render free service to motorists, will also send literature descriptive of points of interest en route. It will help you plan a vacation before or after the convention if you wish.

LEGIONNAIRE stamp collectors may arrange to obtain special officially cacheted envelopes, bearing the new Century of Progress stamps and mailed from the World's Fair sub-station postoffice on October 3d and 4th, American Legion Days at the World's Fair. Lou W. Kreicker, 201 North Wells Street, Chicago, cachet director of the exposition, will handle requests for these covers if fifteen cents for each cover that is wanted is sent with your request.

Help On Foreign Affairs

EVERY member of The American Legion is automatically a member also of Fidac, the international veterans' society of more than eight million members which has been working since the war to promote world peace and friendly relations among nations.

What Fidac has come to mean to The American Legion is explained in a booklet

prepared by the Legion's Committee on World Peace and Foreign Relations for distribution to every post. H. Nelson Jackson of Burlington, Vermont, is chairman of the committee, and other members are Thomas W. Miller of Delaware, former President of Fidac, Darrell T. Lane of Utah, Charles Hann, Jr., of New York, Vice President of Fidac, and Frank Rash of Kentucky, who is a Past Vice President of Fidac.

The pamphlet outlines a study of foreign relations which every post was urged to make in a resolution adopted by the Detroit national convention. A post which has not received a copy of the booklet may obtain it by addressing its request to Thomas W. Miller, 11 East 44th Street, New York City.

The New York Department Committee on Foreign Relations has also prepared a booklet to assist posts in the study of foreign affairs. This discusses Fidac, the League of Nations, the World Court, the Kellogg-Briand Pact, the Arms Embargo Resolution, the Sino-Japanese situation, immigration, inter-allied debts, foreign trade and the tariff and the World Economic Conference. Copies may be obtained by writing to the New York Department Foreign Relations Committee, The American Legion, 305 Hall of Records, New York City.

Roll Call

FROM the cover design to the last article, this issue of the Monthly, as usual, is almost entirely the product of Legionnaires. The cover design is the work of William Heaslip of 107th Infantry Post of New York City . . . Karl W. Detzer is a member of Bowen-Holiday Post of Traverse City, Michigan, and Kenneth Camp, who illustrated Mr. Detzer's story, belongs to Advertising Men's Post, New York City . . . Daniel Needham, who contributes "Let's Take the Profit Out of Crime," is a Past Commander of Newton (Massachusetts) Post . . .

Watson B. Miller is chairman of the National Rehabilitation Committee of The American Legion, a Past National Vice Commander and a Past Commander of the District of Columbia Department . . . Samuel Taylor Moore is a member of Longmeadow (Massachusetts) Post . . . National Commander Louis Johnson is a member of Roy E. Parrish Post of Clarksburg, West Virginia . . . Marquis James and Frederick Palmer belong to S. Rankin Drew Post of New York City . . . Dan Edwards is a member of Advertising Men's Post of New York City, and Abian A. Wallgren is a member of Thomas Roberts Reath Marine Post of Philadelphia . . . Frank E. Samuel, National Adjutant, belongs to Capitol Post of Topeka, Kansas.

PHILIP VON BLON

The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly

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this Seamless Crotch sure rate
a Decoration."

"Yes sir—these Arrows are
the most comfortable drawers
that ever came into MY life!"



If you want to promote yourself to the greatest underwear comfort you've ever known, get Arrow Underwear. The Shorts have Arrow's famous Seamless Crotch which eliminates all binding and chafing. And they're Sanforized Shrunk . . . which

means that they'll always *stay* your correct size. And both Shirts and Shorts are mighty smartly styled. Those illustrated above are 50c per garment. Others 75c to \$1. See them at your Arrow Dealer's.

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